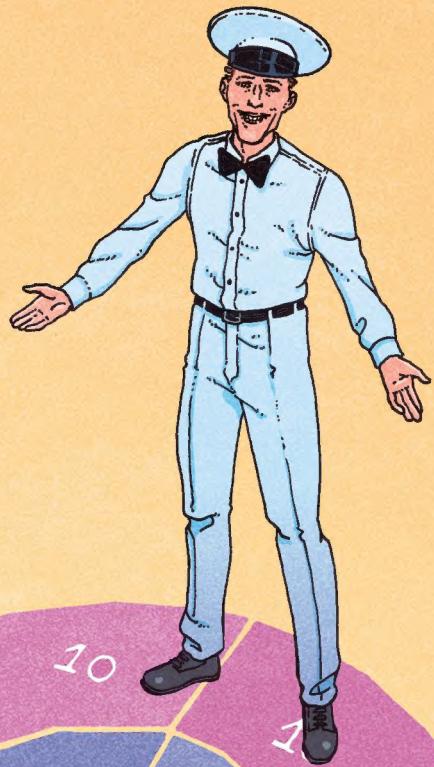


# Ice Cream Man



W. Maxwell Prince  
Marfin Morazzo  
Chris O'Halloran  
volume three

Paste Magazine's  
25 Best Comic Books of 2018





The logo for 'Ice Cream Man' is centered on a yellow background. The word 'Ice' is in a large, red, cursive font. The word 'Cream' is in a larger, red, cursive font. The word 'Man' is in a large, red, cursive font. To the left of 'Ice', there are two stylized ice cream bars, one teal and one purple. To the right of 'Cream', there are several colorful circles and stars of various sizes and colors (purple, orange, teal, blue). Below the main title, there are four small decorative stars and circles: a blue star, an orange circle, a purple star, and a blue circle.

# Ice Cream Man

VOLUME THREE  
• HOPSCOTCH MÉLANGE •

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“If men and women began to live their ephemeral dreams, every phantom would become a person with whom to begin a story of pursuits, pretenses, misunderstandings, clashes, oppressions, and the carousel of fantasies would stop.”

—**Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities***

Which way should we go?  
Email [wmaxwellprince@gmail.com](mailto:wmaxwellprince@gmail.com)

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# Western Story

Chapter Nine



Longer ago than there are numbers to express...

See this world; it is  
not your own.

Primitive place.  
*Dry.*

Riddled with creosote, with  
chaparral, with old bones of  
fauna and flora long since  
*erased* from this magicked,  
crossways vale.

*Odd animal—*

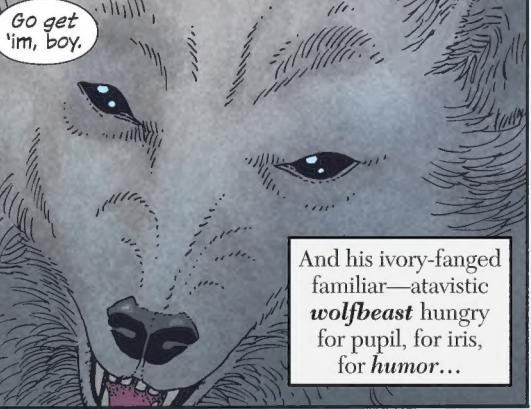
Prototypical spider-thing,  
in later times called  
*arachnid*.

See this creature;  
it is *imperiled*.  
(As are we all.)

FIP!

Dangit.  
Alright,  
then...

See **him**: dark-clad  
godman, head full of  
lightning. (In lightning  
there's "light.")

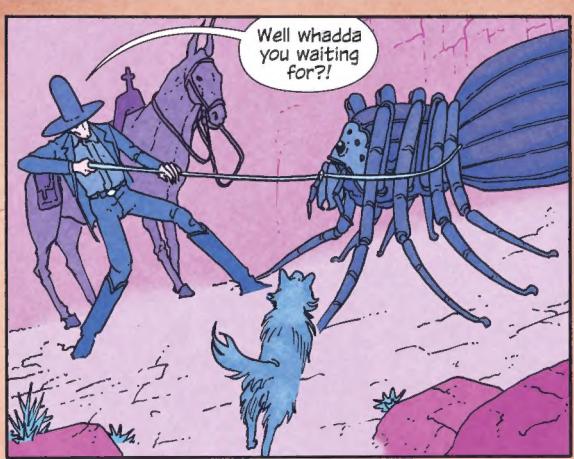
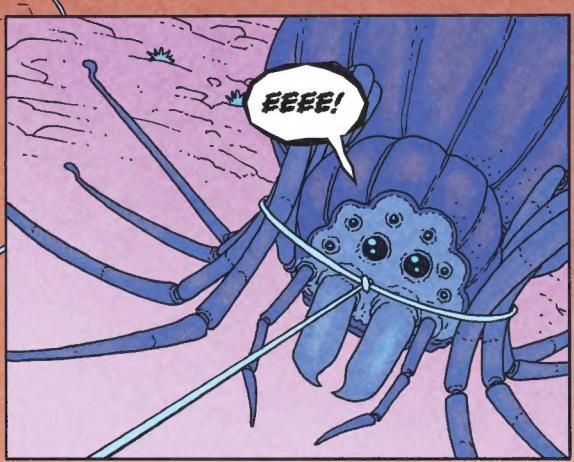
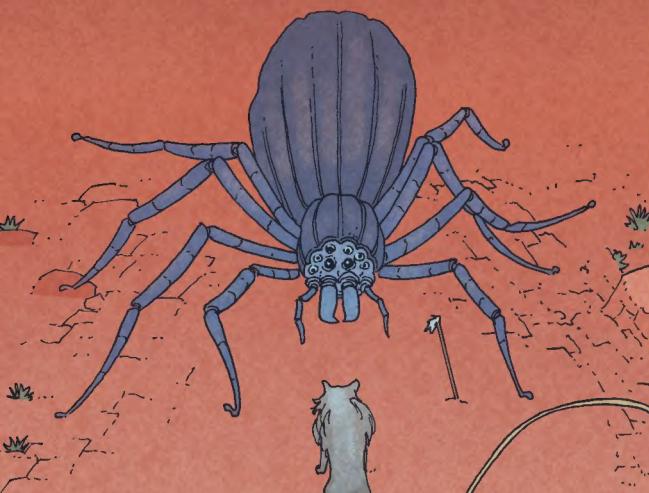
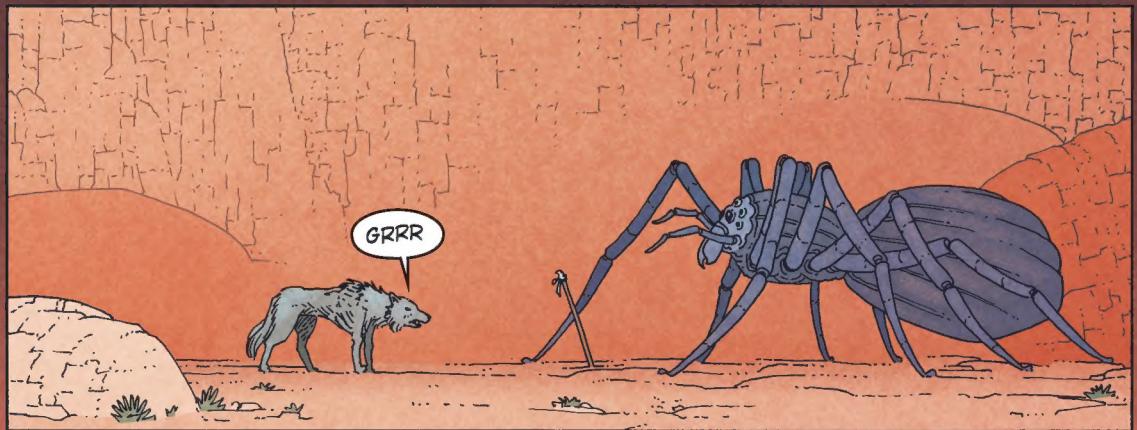


And his ivory-fanged  
familiar—atavistic  
**wolfbeast** hungry  
for pupil, for iris,  
for humor...



...but never truly  
understand.



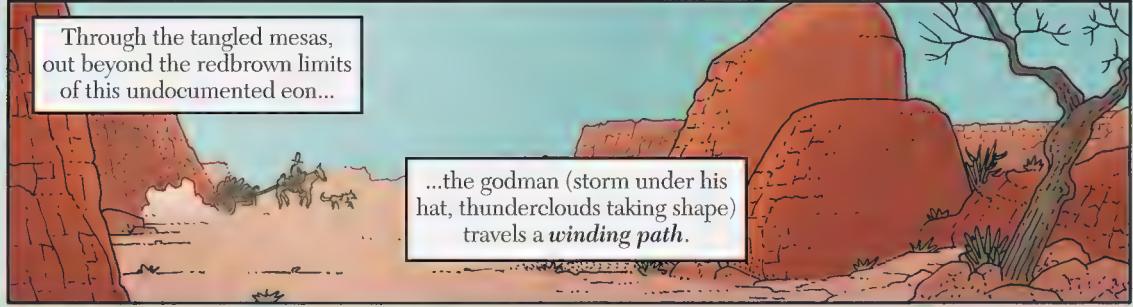






Golly.  
Thisun's the  
biggest yet.





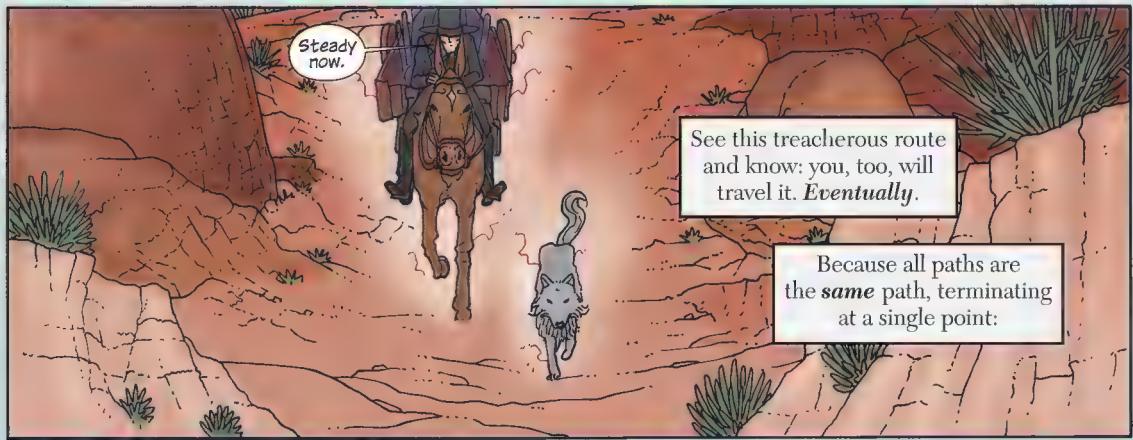
Through the tangled mesas,  
out beyond the redbrown limits  
of this undocumented eon...

...the godman (storm under his  
hat, thunderclouds taking shape)  
travels a *winding path*.



Past gypsum, past rustweed,  
past wretched pre-birds  
who feed only on *flesh*...

Steady  
now.

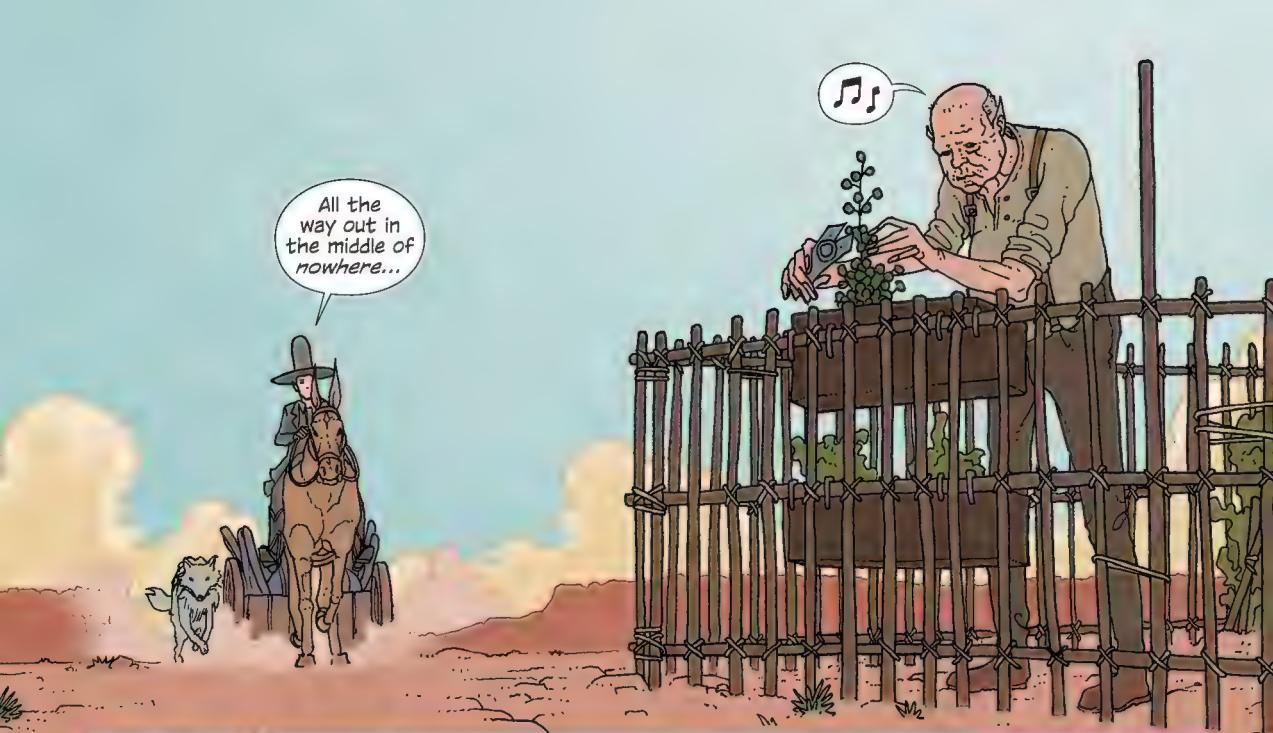


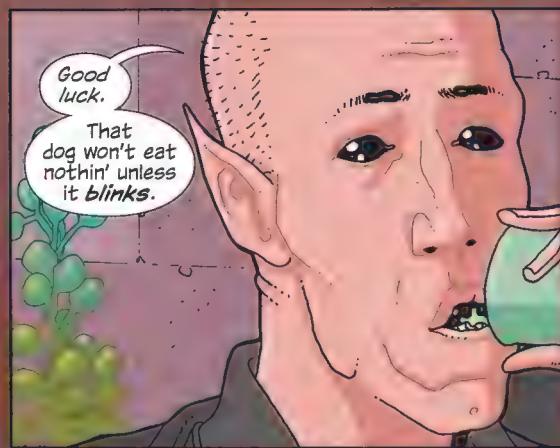
See this treacherous route  
and know: you, too, will  
travel it. *Eventually*.

Because all paths are  
the **same** path, terminating  
at a single point:



The end of  
the road.



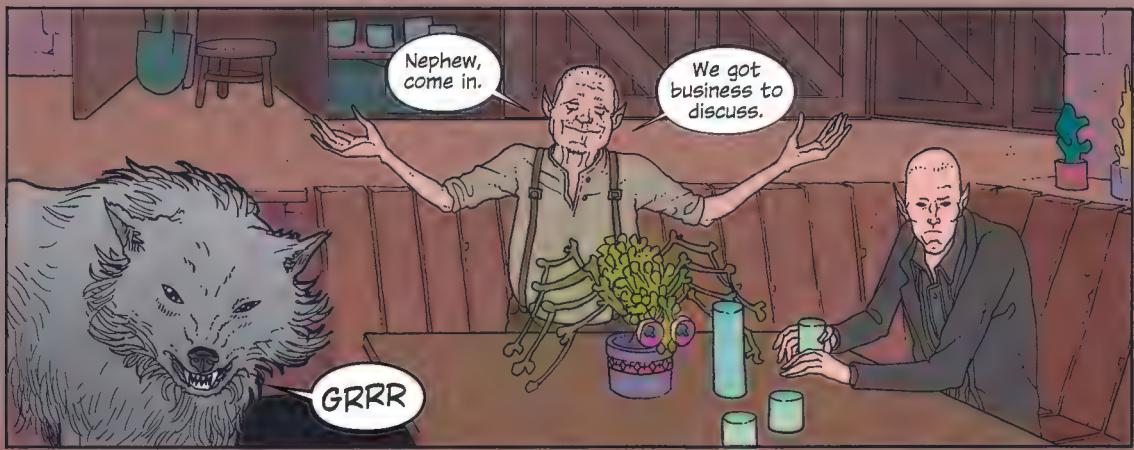






Caleb,  
Uncle. Sorry  
I'm late...

Guess  
I lost track  
of time.



Enough.  
You boys need  
to listen  
up.

We don't  
got much  
time...

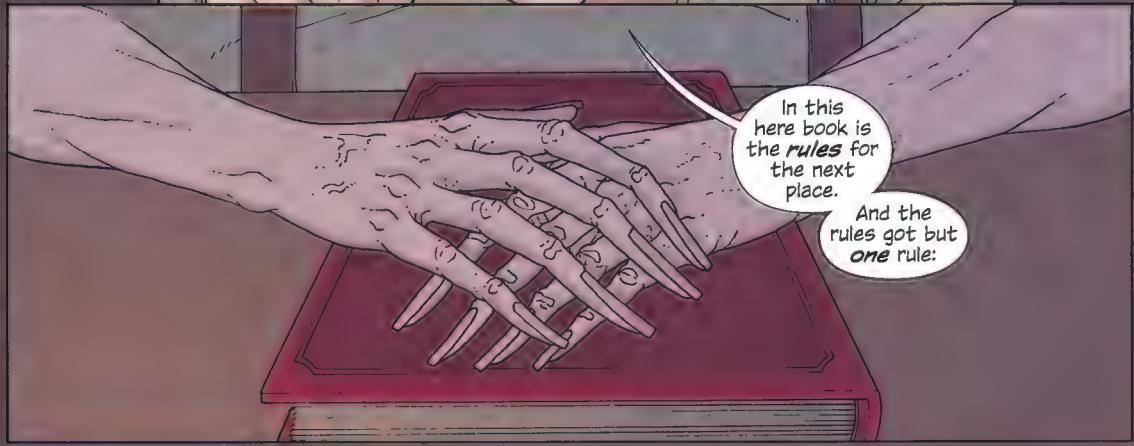






What you like ain't important, kid.

Time's up and the two of you gotta go.





See this moment; it is  
the last of its kind.



Simple pleasure-scene,  
unspoken love between  
godman and animal.

(Animal hears his master's  
voice, watches the arc of the  
eye-stick as it describes midair  
the shape of a sunset.)

Go get  
it!

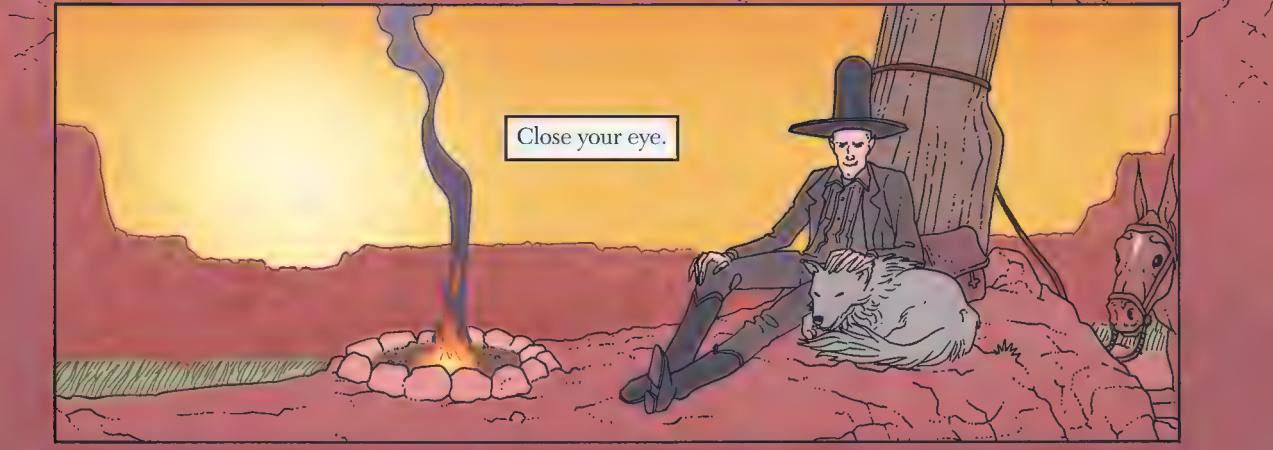
See the dog fetch the  
eye; it is *your* eye.

Attaboy.

(Do you see? With  
your eye?)



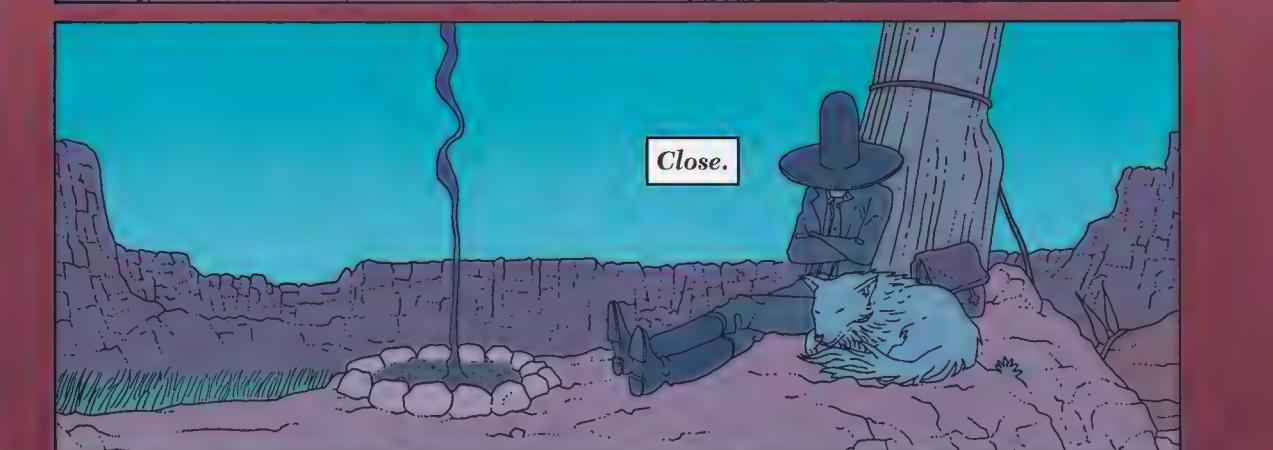
Or do you close your eye?



Close your eye.



Close your eyes.



Close.

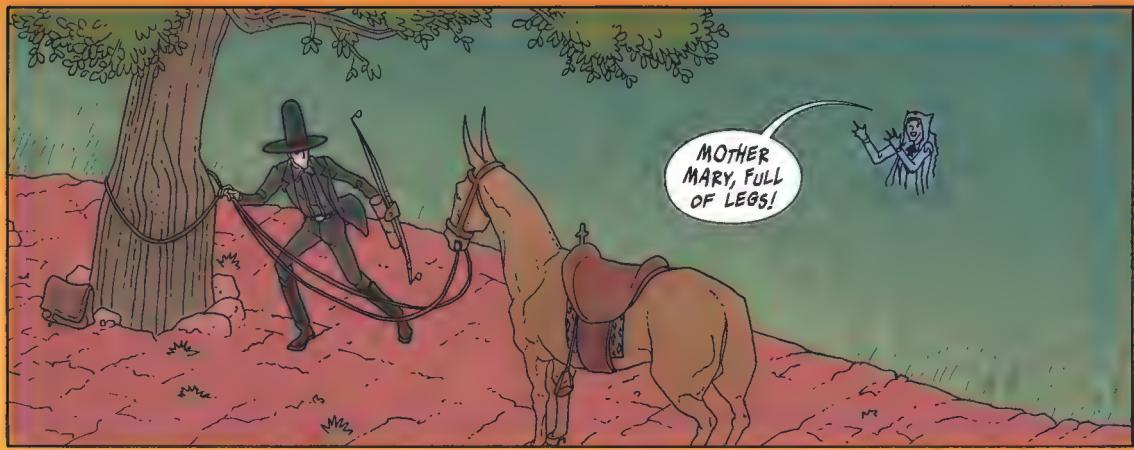






But  
now I'm all  
toasty and  
warm.





SHE'S  
HUNGRY FOR  
SUPPER,  
COUSIN!

See this world; it is  
not your own.

Faster,  
dammit!

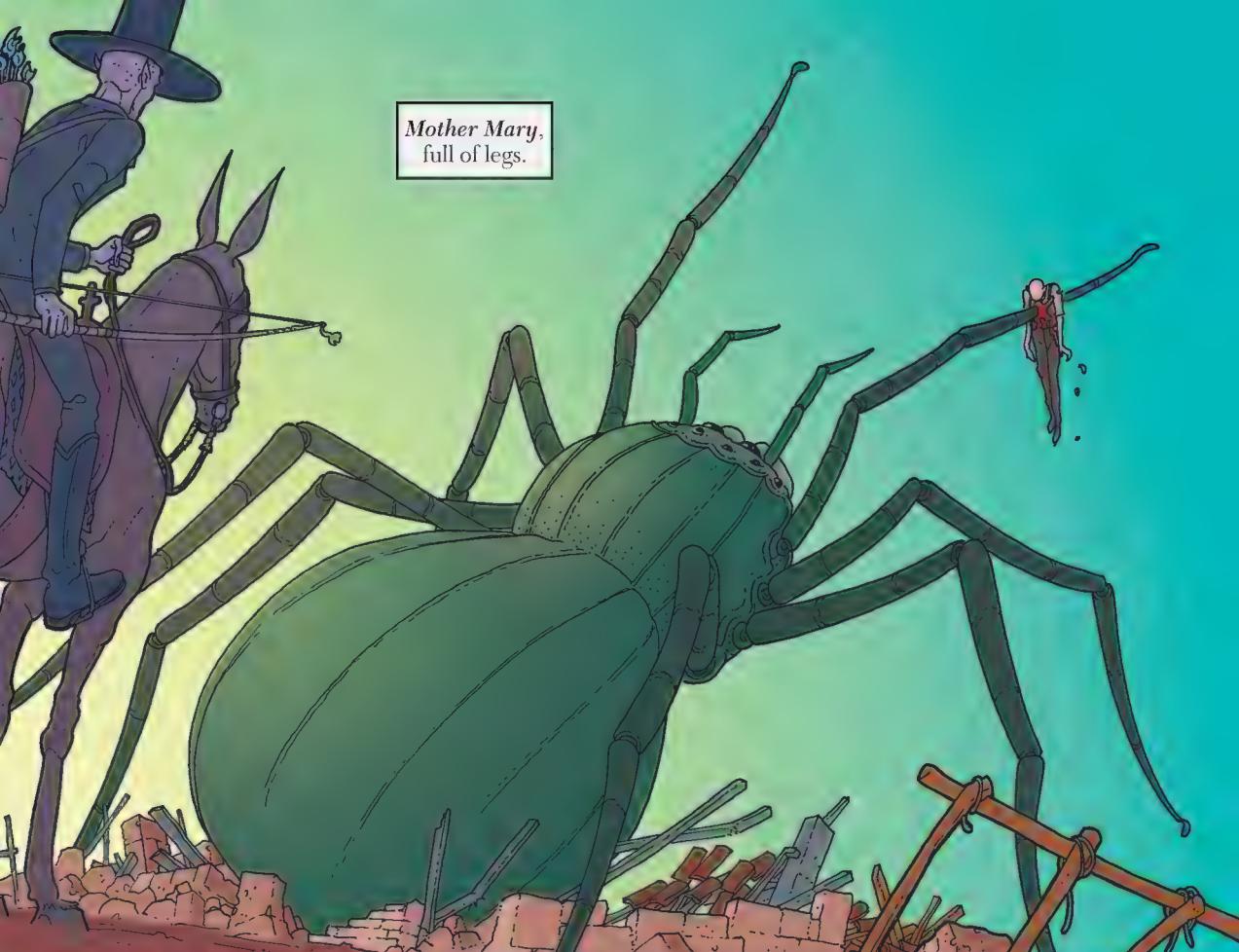
Lonely place.  
Ugly.

On its last leg.



Made of fragile  
lifestuff...





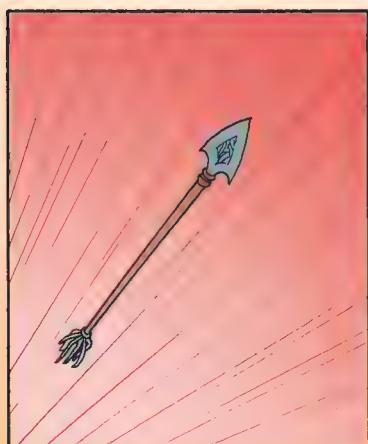
Mother Mary,  
full of legs.



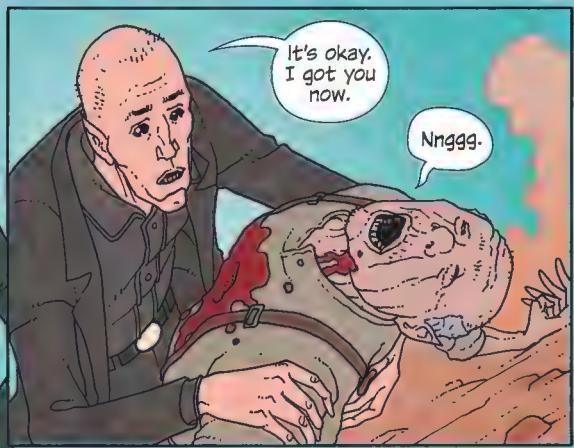
(Remember: in lightning  
there's "light.")



See these creatures and  
understand, finally:



As are we  
all.





The plants take root and speak to the dirt. The dirt in turn speaks *back*.

And it's saying:



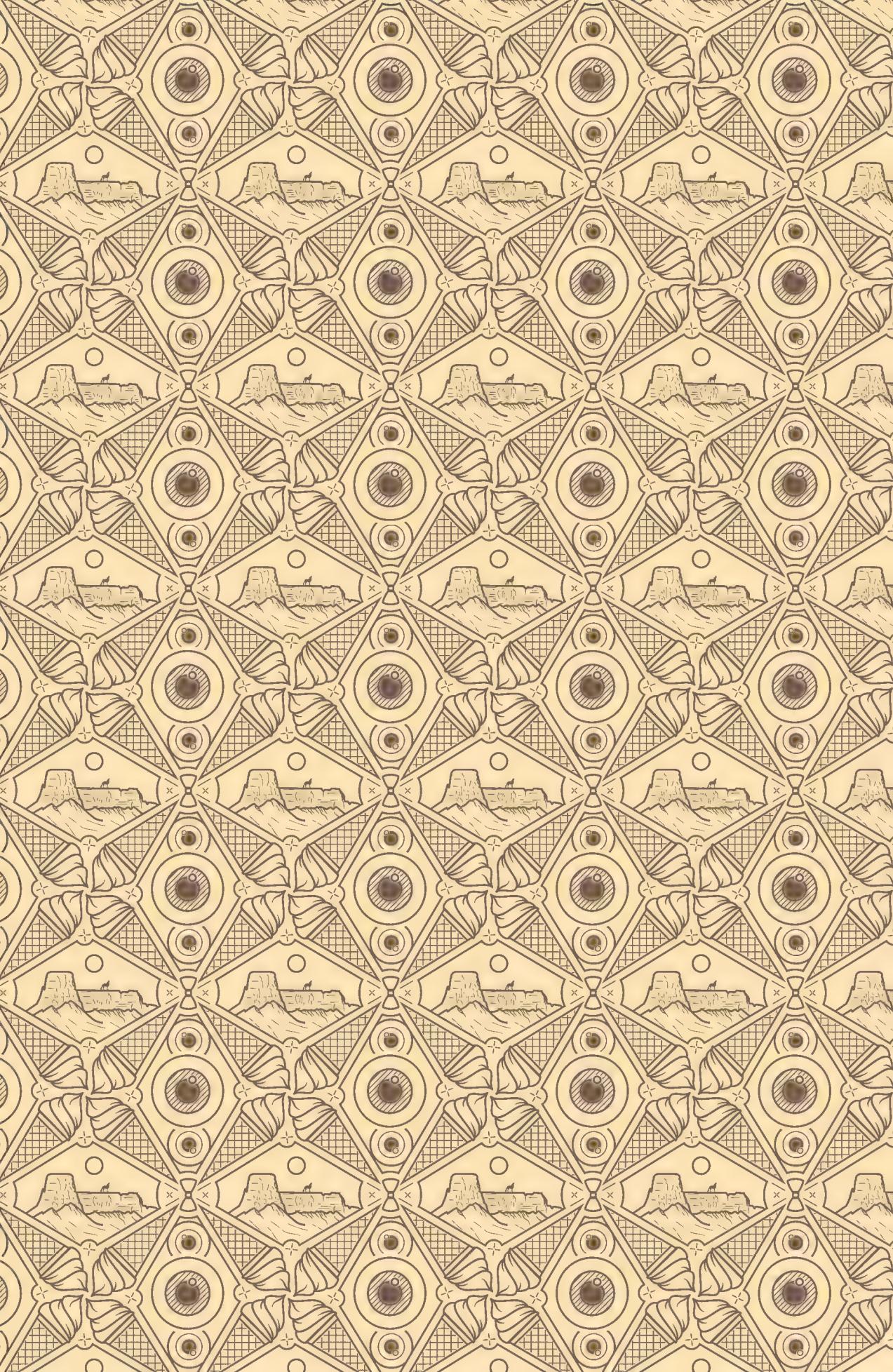
And so we do... meeting someday at that place where *all* paths come to a single point...





# THE END OF THE ROAD





# Border Story



**Author's Note:** Need help with the Spanish? Google Translate works like a charm! (There's also a cheat sheet at the back of this volume, amongst the Bonus Materials.)

# CIUDAD JUÁREZ, MEXICO

1919

Hay gente que diría que es mala suerte celebrar una quinceañera en el Día de los Muertos.

*¡Quédate  
quieta, María!*

"Es una mezcla venenosa," dirían. Como el vinagre y el blanqueador.

¿O quieres que los alfileres apuñalen tu piel?

Pero también hay otros—muchos otros—que no estarían de acuerdo.

Esas personas dirían "Unir a los muertos con los vivos es una bendición, un matrimonio, un equilibrio del mundo."

¿Veneno? ¿Matrimonio? Solamente son palabras.

Ahora estás lista para tu novio.

Ahí está.

La verdad no tiene paciencia para las palabras.

Ahora estás lista para el general.

Eres una visión deslumbrante, mi futura novia.

Ven, deja que el general te vea en tu vestido de quinceañera.





Las celebraciones serán escasas cuando estemos casados.



¿Pero qué  
del amor?

San Pablo le dijo  
a los corintios:



“El amor es paciente,  
es bondadoso.”

Pero el apóstol  
omitió algunos  
hechos...

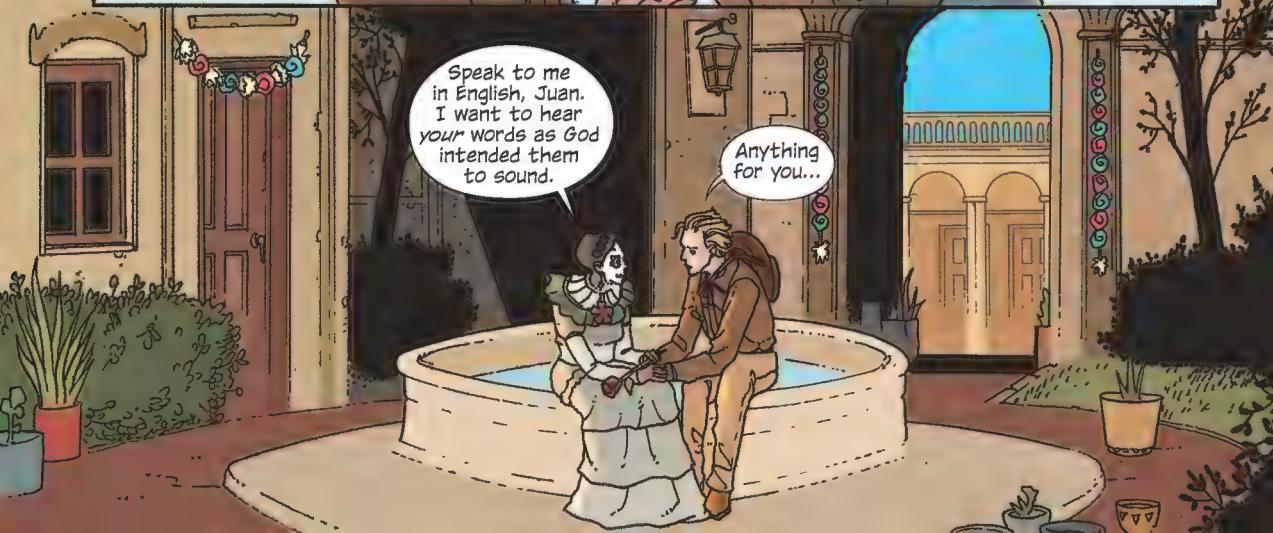
El amor también es  
una frontera. El amor  
es un puente.

¡El amor cruza  
el gran abismo!

...pero pocos  
sobreviven el  
viaje.

Una  
rosa, por  
favor.











Yes, it is a *border* to be crossed. This much is certain.

But *equally* true:

*Feliz cumpleaños a ti!*  
*Feliz cumpleaños a ti!*



*El amor no respeta la  
ley, ni obedece a un rey.*

"So let  
me get this  
straight..."

# EL PASO, TEXAS

Your plan, such as it is, is to steal this girl from her homeland?

Ride in like some kind of Lancelot and save the suffering princess?

That about describe it?

I didn't expect you to understand.

And I ain't askin' permission.

Permission to what?

Whisk her away to Los Estados Unidos...

...so she can live the impoverished life of a cowboy's maiden?

Better than a life with the General.

Says you. There's rules to this world, kid.

Lines in place.

Certain ones you cross...you never come back.









Ah, yes.  
The vaquero's  
empty, canned  
bravado.



You puff  
your chest and  
pretend you are  
naught but a lost  
child.

How  
trite.



I am  
an idea.

You  
cannot kill  
an idea with  
a bullet.









Shoot 'Em Ups and  
Spaghetti Westerns.  
Searcher tales.



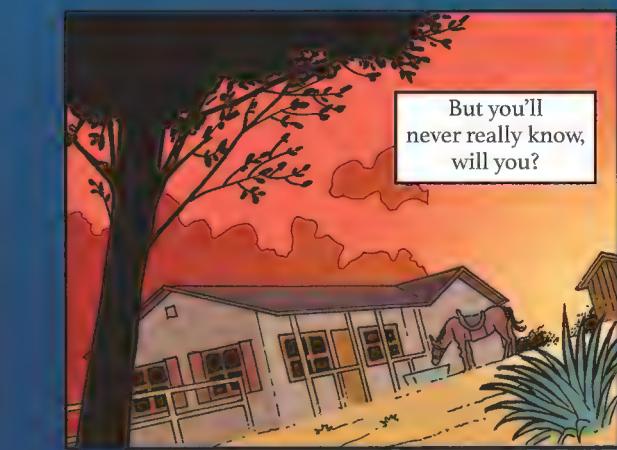
Border  
stories.

And you'll imagine  
what it was like,  
back in the day...



...when all it took to cross to the  
other side was a pair of feet and  
a heart full of *blood*.

But you'll  
never really know,  
will you?



There are *walls*  
going up right  
this second...



...hemming in  
our love...cutting  
off the flow.



Soy hombre: duro poco  
y es enorme la noche.  
Pero miro hacia arriba:  
las estrellas escriben.  
Sin entender comprendo:  
también soy escritura  
y en este mismo instante  
alguien me deletrea.

-Octavio Paz, *Hermandad*



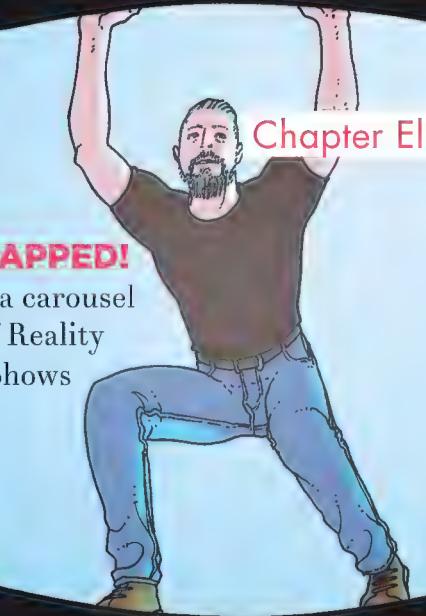
Tonight, on a very special  
episode of **ICE CREAM MAN...**

# TV Story

Chapter Eleven

**TRAPPED!**

in a carousel  
of Reality  
Shows



*Let me out!*



You won't  
**BELIEVE**  
what  
happens!

The stakes  
have  
**NEVER**

*Please.  
Somebody...*

been  
**HIGHER!**



Prepare to be

**SHOCKED...**

*Anybody!*



**TUNE  
IN!**

*Lickety split.*





I'm not sure how long it's been.

Two, maybe three days.

Will Person 34  
Writer, Confused

I was watching TV with my family... some dumb reality dating thing.

And then...

ZAP!

I was in the show. Competing for this girl's affection.

But this...it's not--

This show is different.

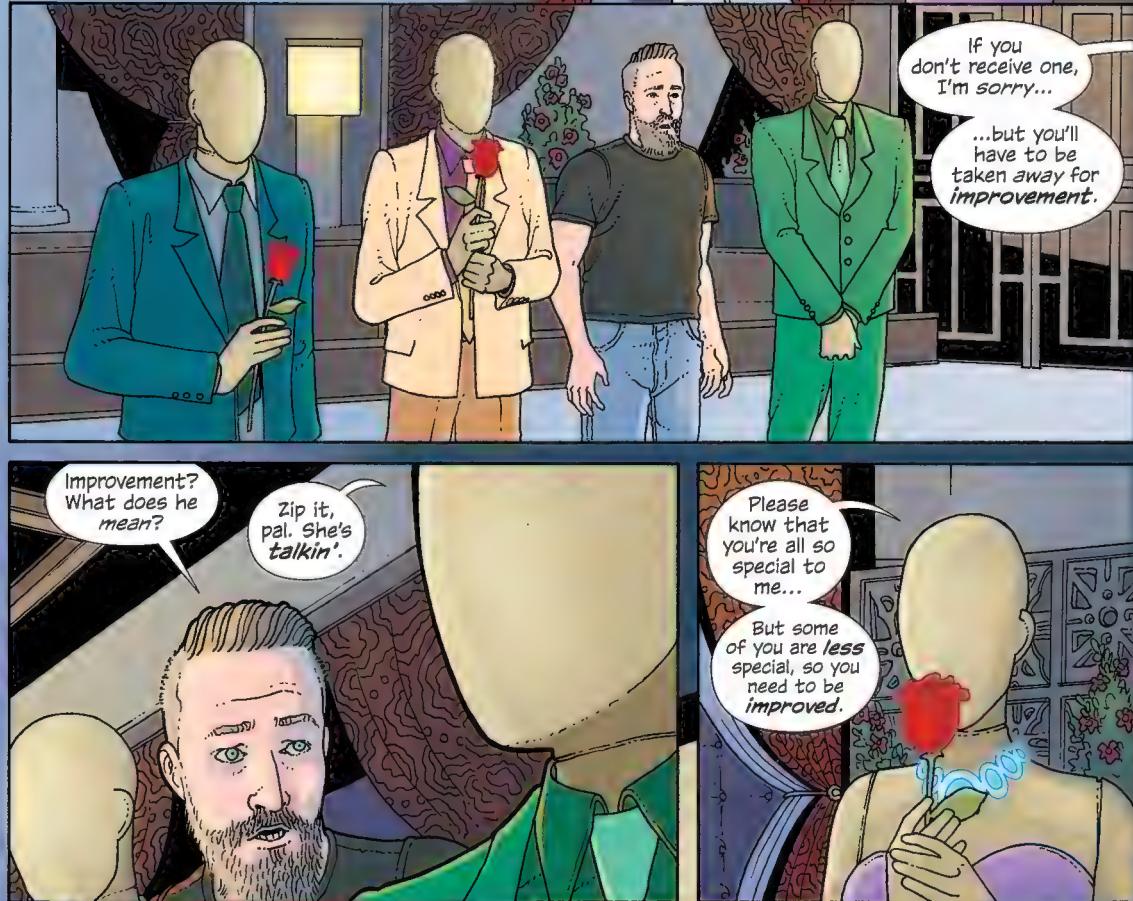
The contestants, the girl. They're all...

Shop mannequins.

Tonight, on...

# MANNEQUIN House

Gentlemen,  
this is Stiffanie's  
final rose of the  
night.



IF I could  
bend at the knees,  
I'd propose to you  
right now.

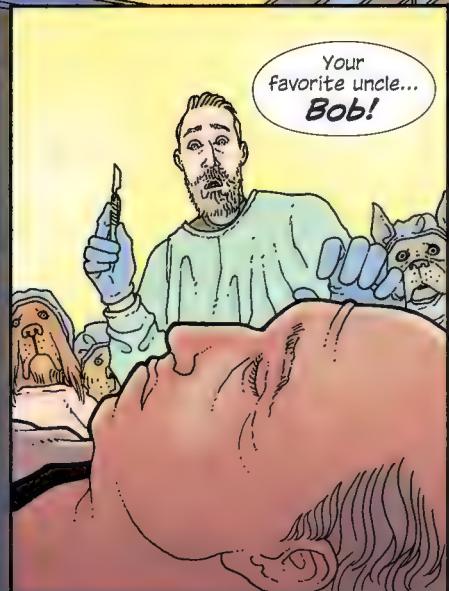
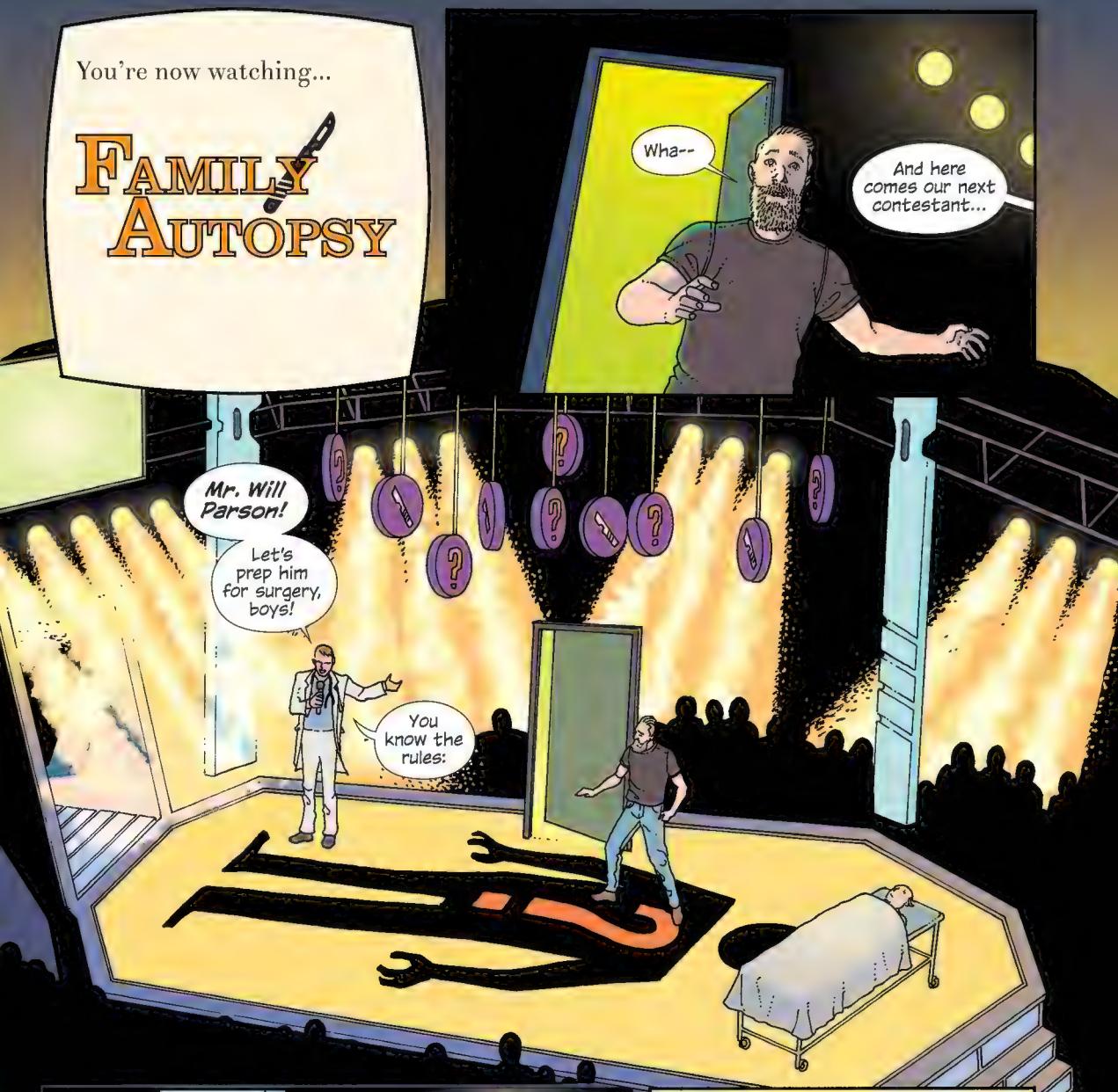


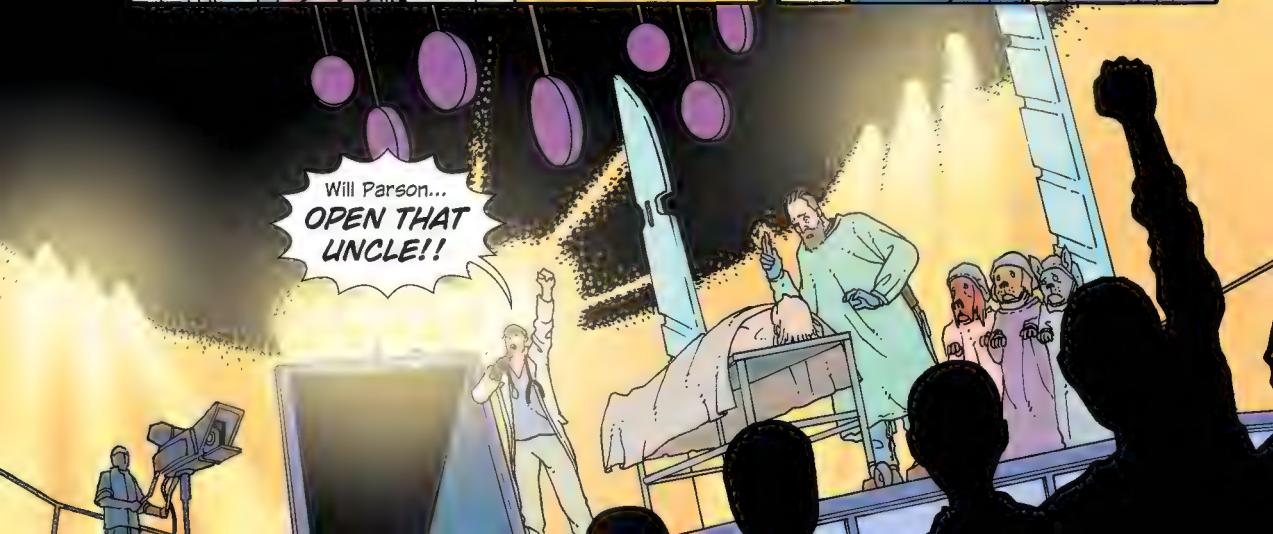


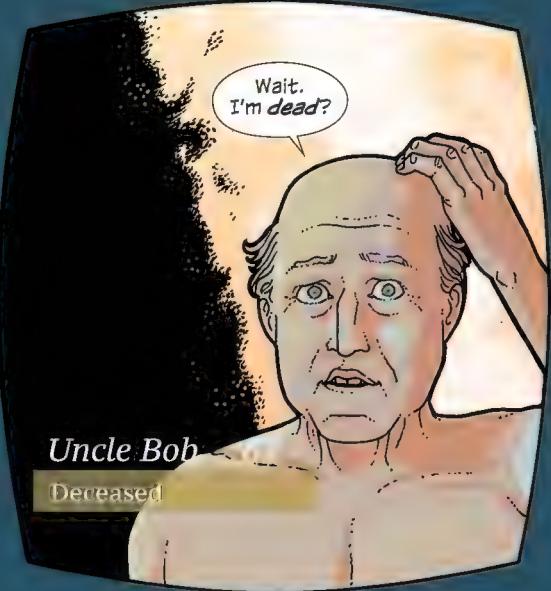


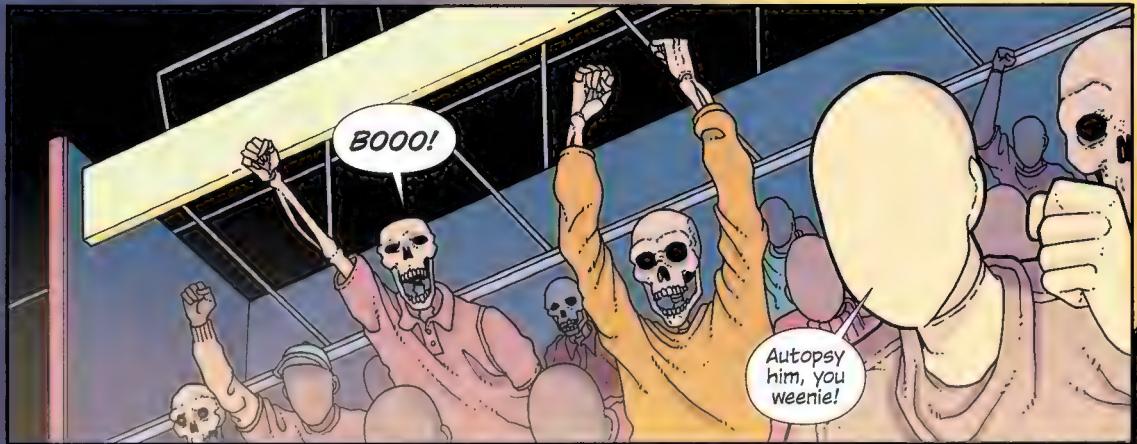
You're now watching...

# FAMILY AUTOPSY









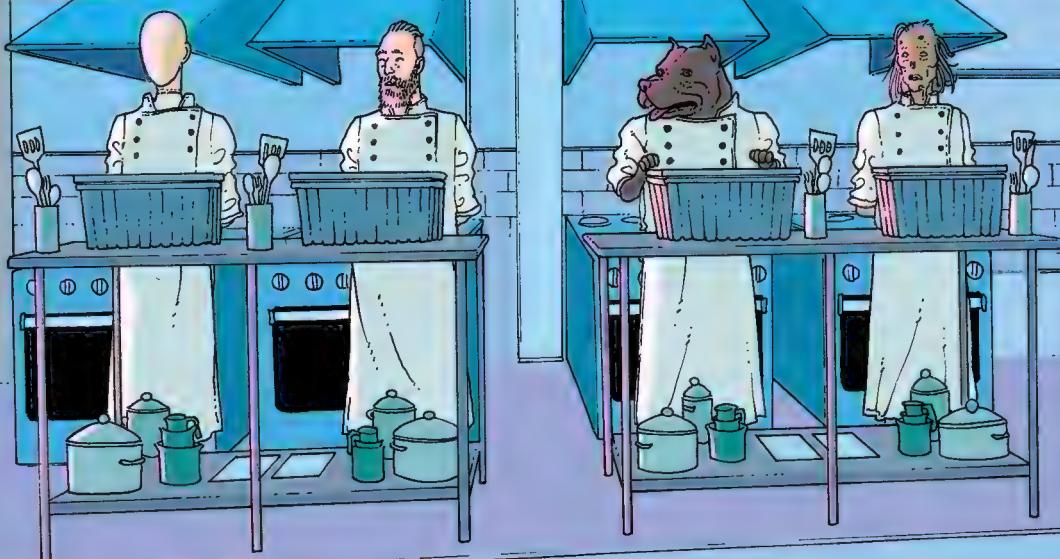
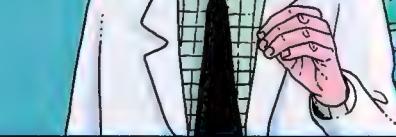
Welcome back to...

**CHOP'D**

Four  
chefs, three  
courses, and only  
one chance  
to win.

The  
challenge?

Create  
something resembling  
a person from the  
person-parts in your  
mystery baskets.



Is this  
a cooking  
show?

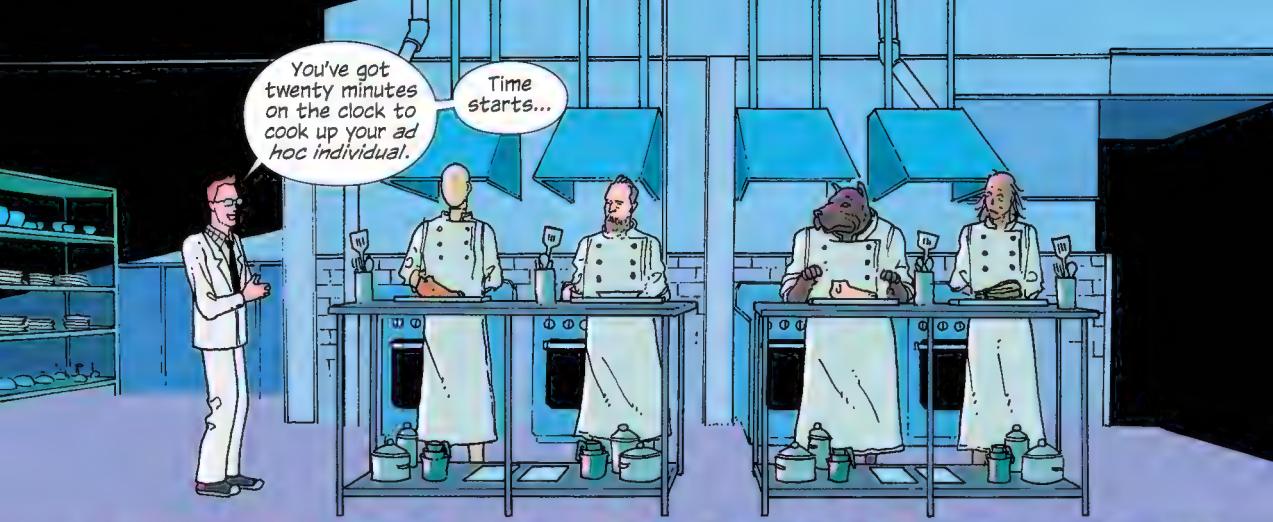
And  
what does  
he mean by  
pers--

And  
the mystery  
parts are:





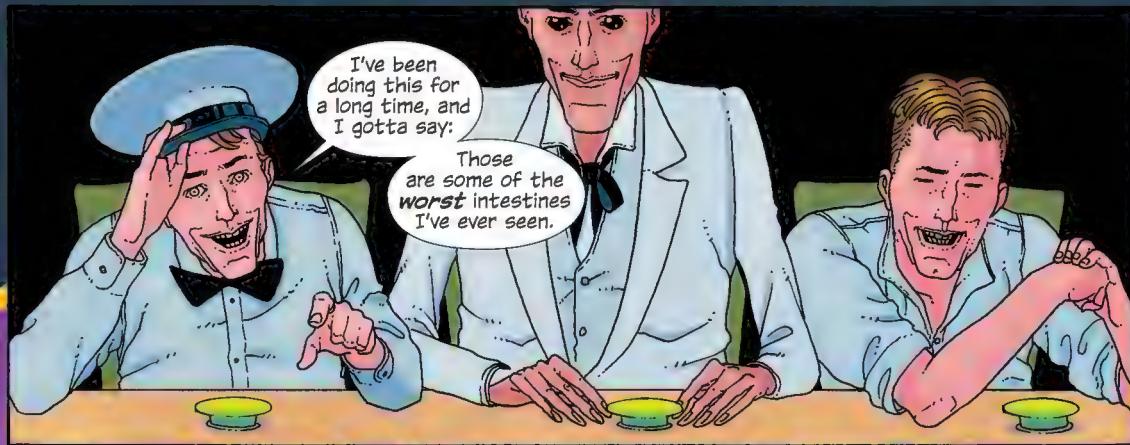




Konnichiwa, suckers.  
And welcome to...

# America's got intestines!

What now?





We're sorry, Will. But the vote's unanimous:







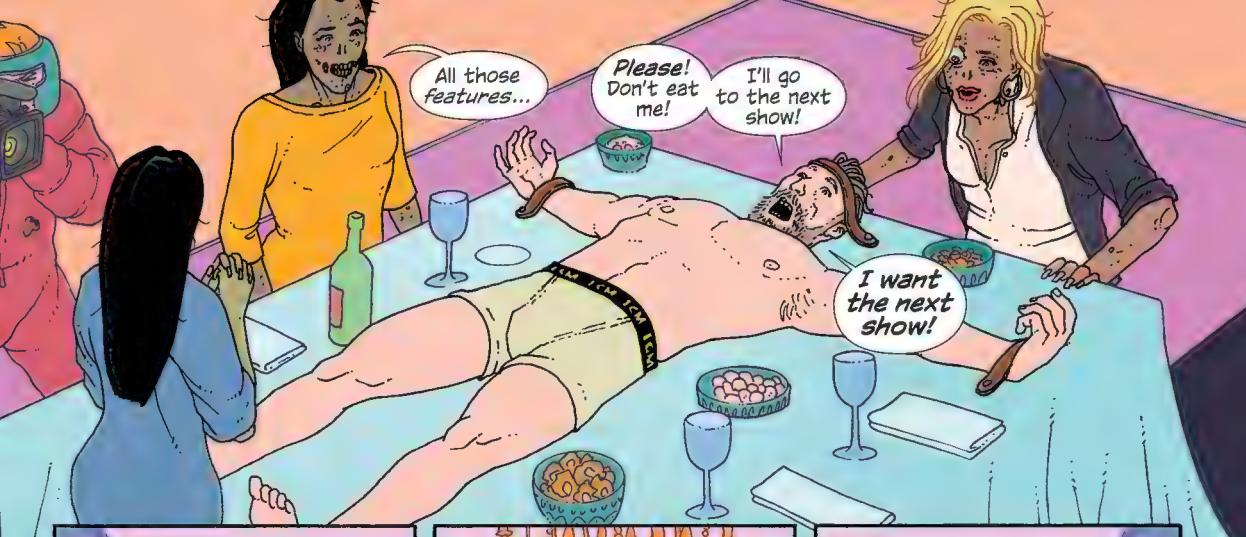
# WEALTHY FAMILY OF ZOMBIES











AAA!

Someone turn off that goddamn TV!

=Tt=

All day long  
it's screens screens  
screens.

Hey,  
where's Will  
and Uncle  
Bob?

CUT!

Great!  
Really great,  
guys.

Let's take  
five and then shoot  
again from the other  
side, so that Jerry's  
got plenty to work  
with in the editing  
booth.

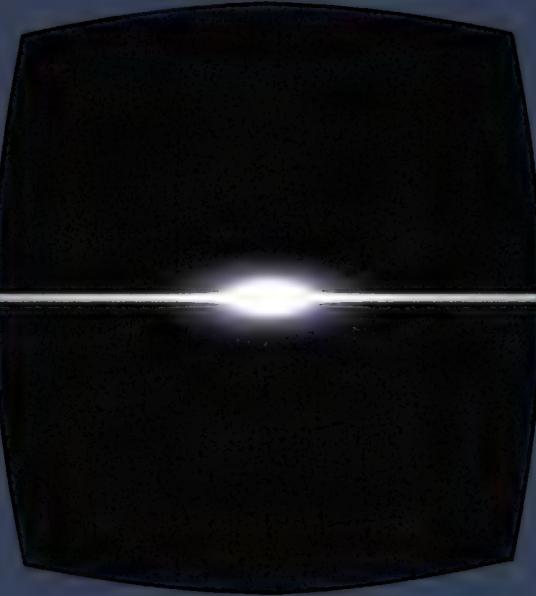
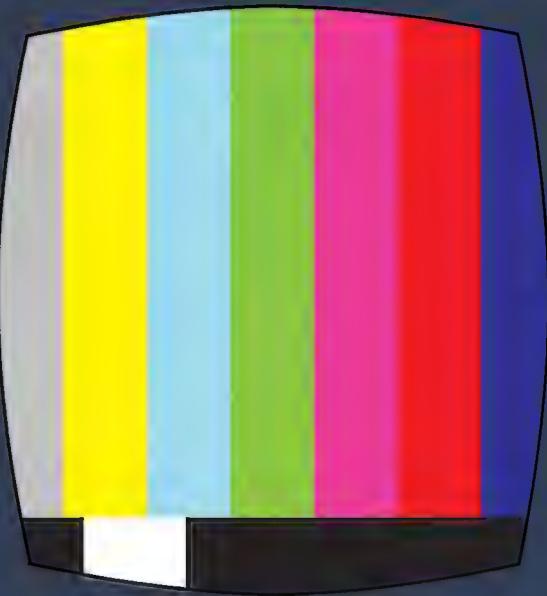
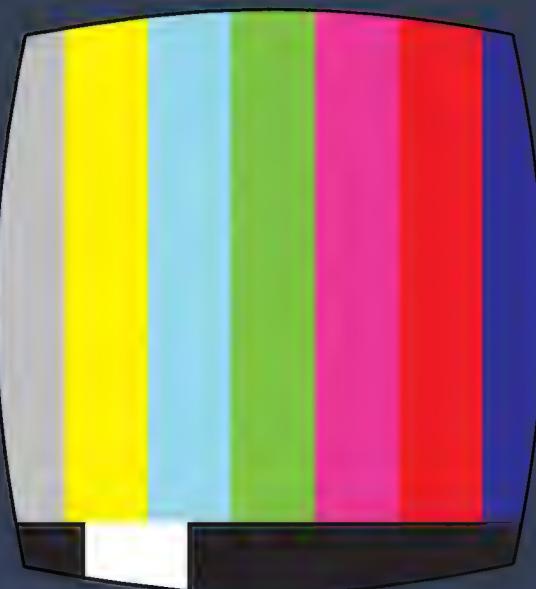
But  
seriously,  
where are  
they?

Find out next week on...



# MISSING PARSONS







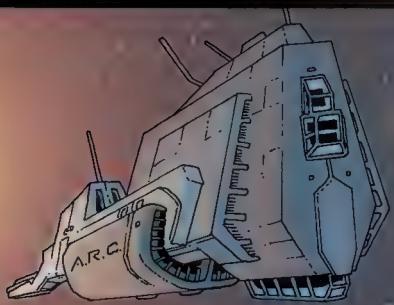
# Space Story



Sooner than we'd like to admit...

Begin: Trial Log  
ID: Smith, Noah  
eProfile: Determined  
Sub-mood: Wistful

Day 200  
aboard the *Archangel*  
Recivilization capsule



The A.R.C.  
yawning, stretching  
stretched out, bony  
back stretching  
through the cramped  
cabin. The air  
is thick.



Note: New Longings  
Profile: Celestial - Adult  
Subclass: Alluring



Nearly 2 years  
searching for an  
inhabitable world,  
but none seem  
so... *right*.

The void  
bore him.

Note: e-Profile: Desperate  
Begin: Hope Sequence

ARC G-3000  
Craft • Life Shuttle

Its purpose: Revive human  
population on a Water Planet.  
Its inhabitants:

1. Myself  
Captain Noah Smith  
• Recivilization Engineer  
• Class I

2. b0b  
• Navigational MapBot  
• First of its kind

Huzzah!  
3. MegaHardDrive

Begin Explication: MegaHardDrive

The drive is the means by  
which the world will be born  
anew: a memory device that  
contains two *images* of every  
living thing that ever was.

The images are coded  
with genetic material—  
static picto-things that  
will terra-form, ozone-form,  
and corporo-form a  
nascent seed-world.

Begin Examples

image x 2: Bull elk

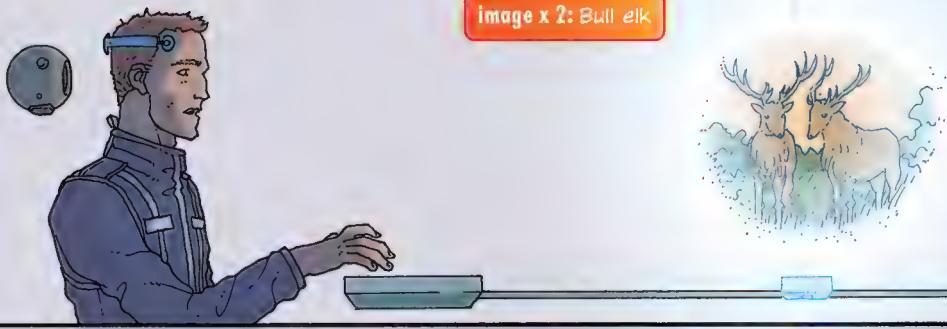


image x 2: Anemone



image x 2: Purple Mountain Majesty



The pictures will reify and birth life...

And thus a *New Earth* will grow in tendrils and chutes, flowering beneath the face of an alien sun.

As for the old Earth...

Begin Explication: Omega Disas-



BEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP



Switch  
A.R.C. controls  
to manual,  
Bob!

...it's time  
for some evasive  
maneuvering.

Begin. Thought: Log  
eProfile. Self-profile  
Sub-feeling: PANIC

The giant arachnid  
M-Zone 486 are  
feet on the deck.  
Fledgling nervous.

But they  
are shifted and  
about deviating from  
usual ones.





Thing 452: Split atom

We made weapons that could **erase** whole countries; they worked as designed.

Thing 679: Disease  
Thing 782: Technological Singularity  
Thing 1,599: Bad Television

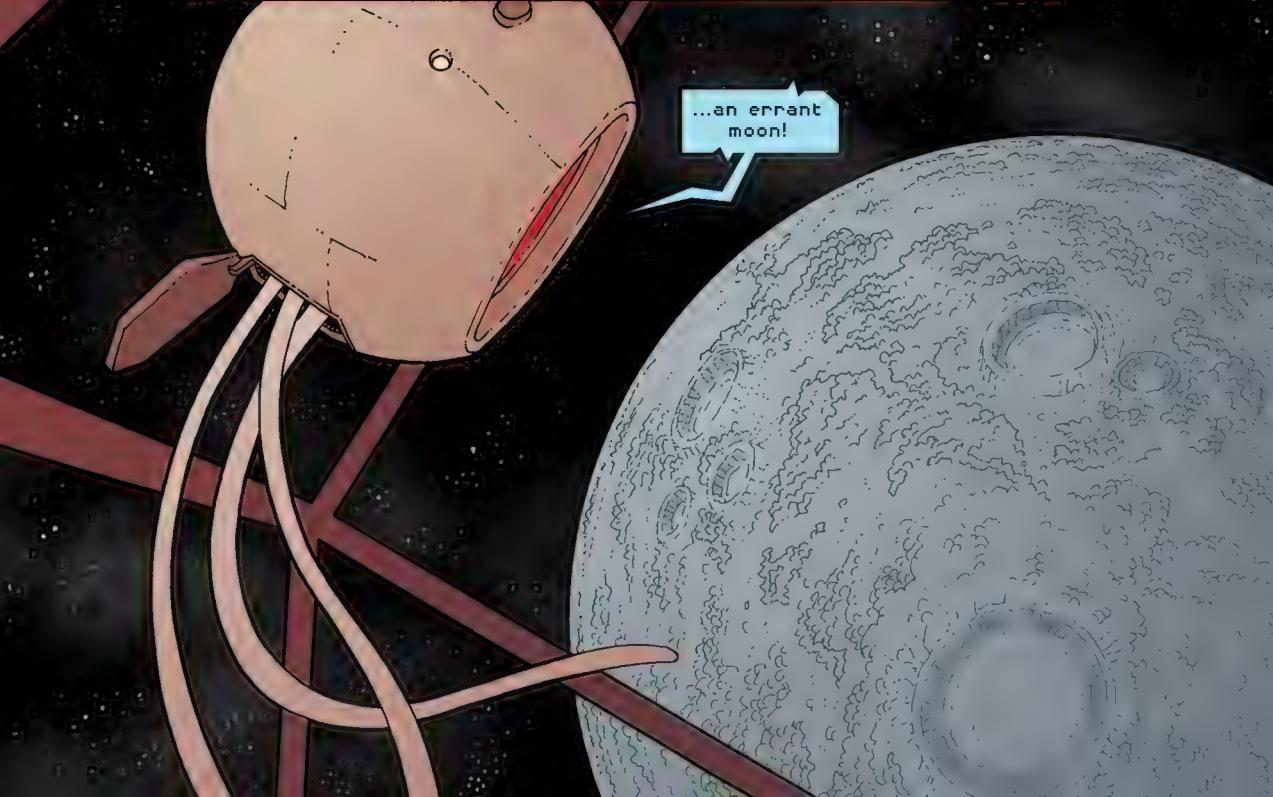
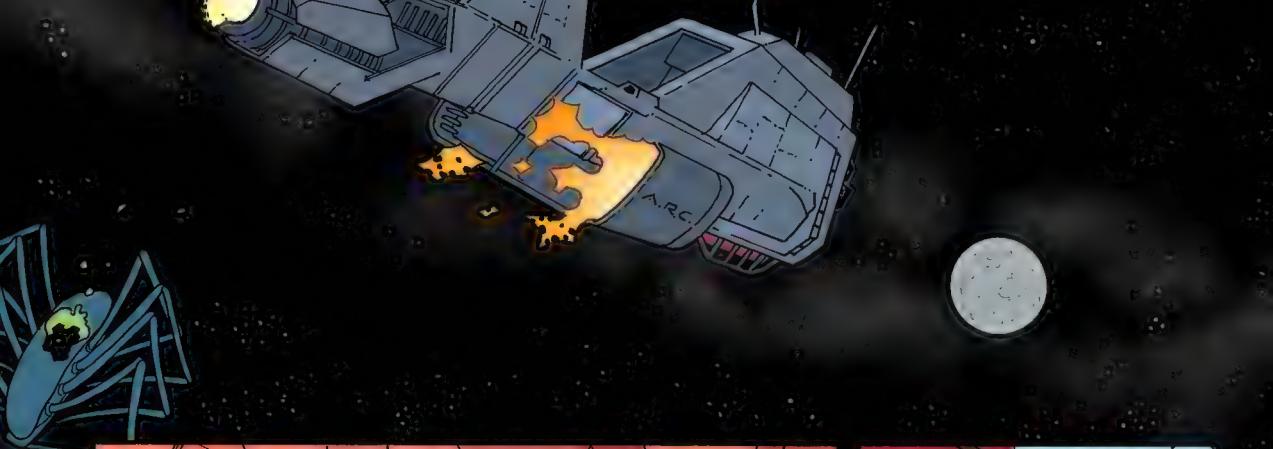
Every Omega Disaster was a piece of a puzzle; the pieces came together to reveal a picture of **oblivion**.





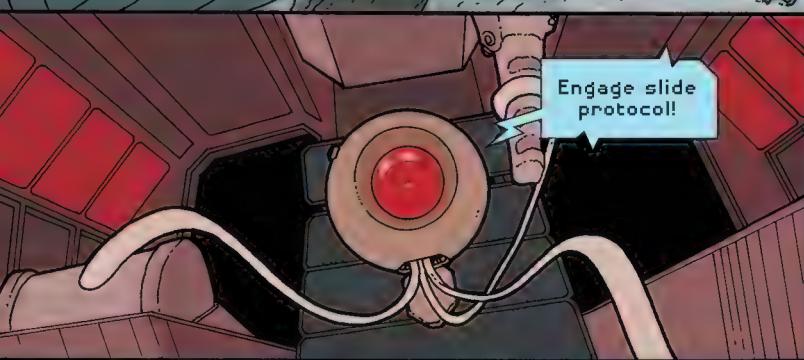




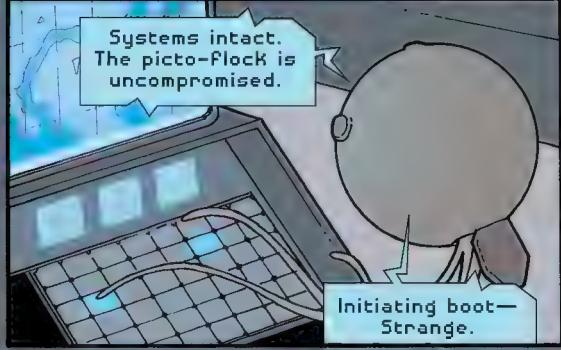


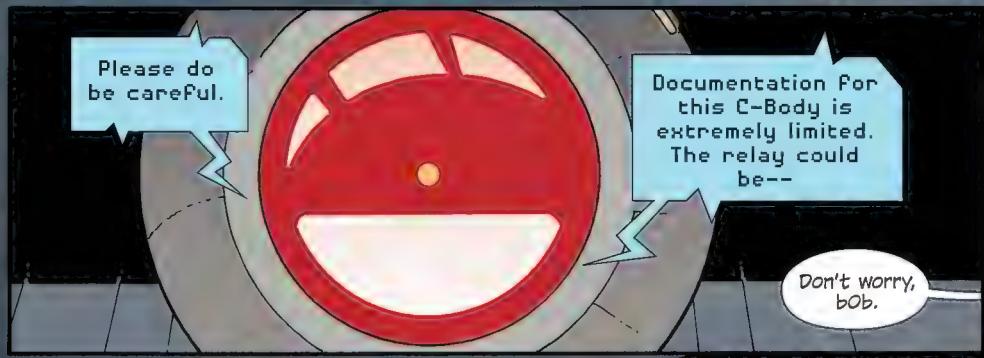


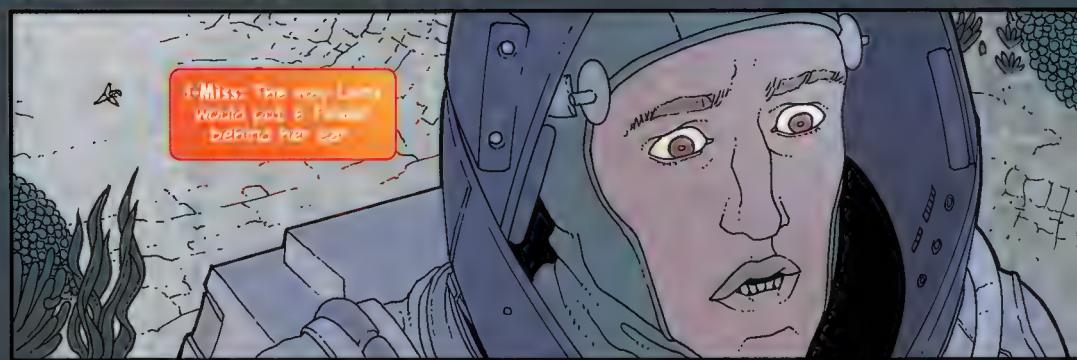
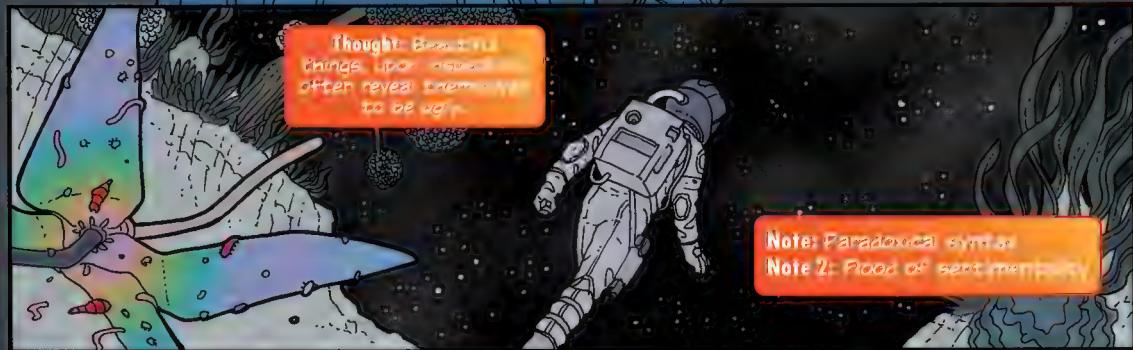
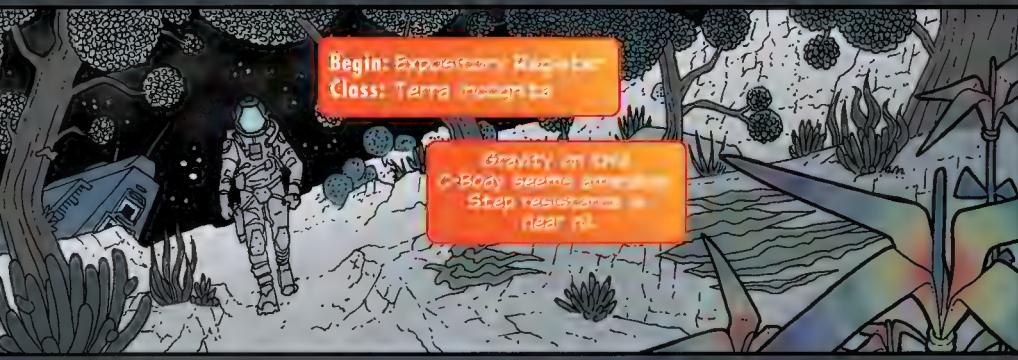
Booom!



Skidddd!





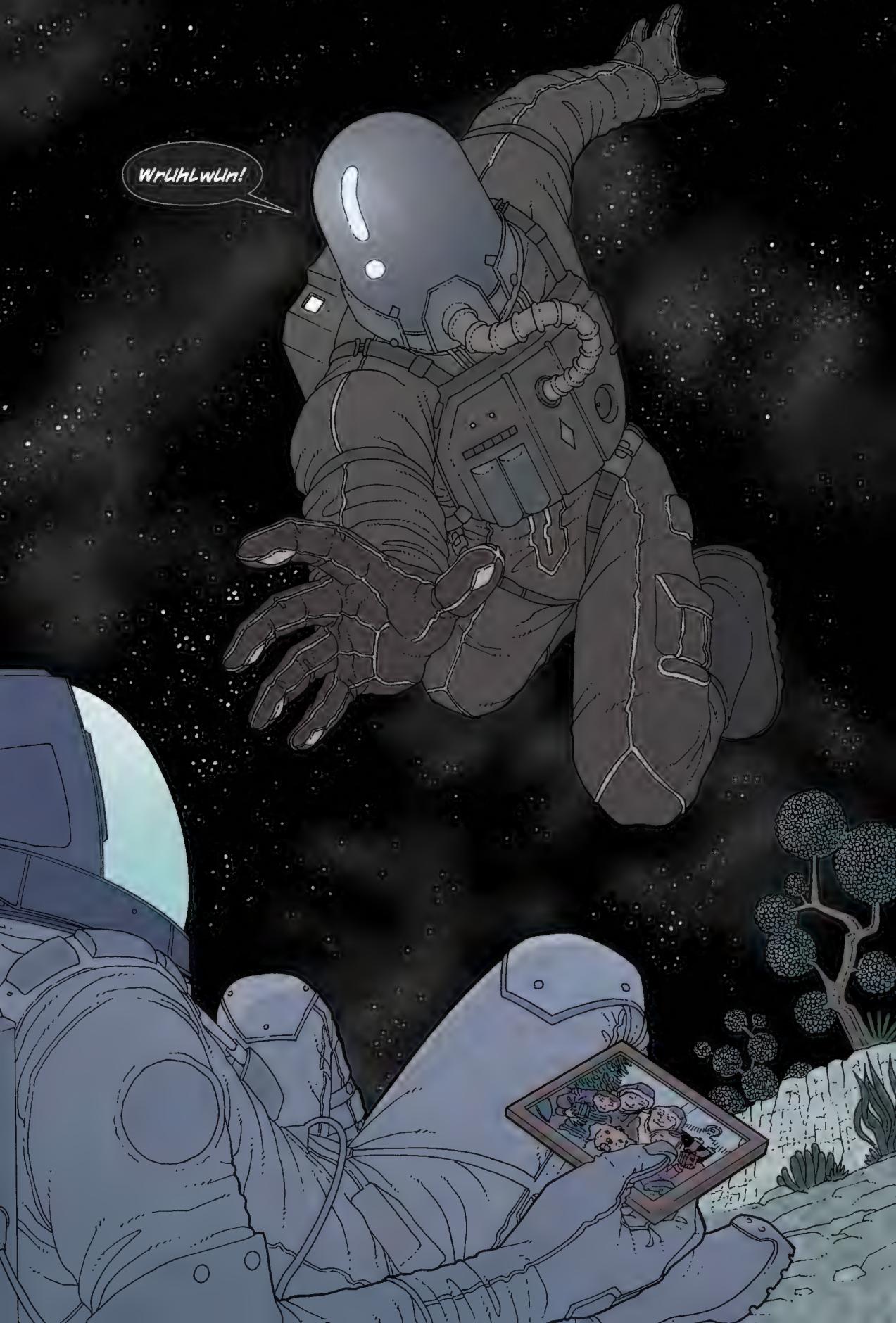




Press on the discovery



WUUHLWUH!



Begin: Right or Left?



Signal received from a cave about 5000 feet away.

Profile: A Human  
Subclass: Omnipotent

Have a plan to be a mentor for the future.

Thoughts: 20 years in the dream of heaven.  
Class: Philosopher-Scientist

Getting close.

DING

Discovery: We have found a...

Wish...

Welcome, Captain Smith.



You made it to the end of the road.



H-how do you know my name?

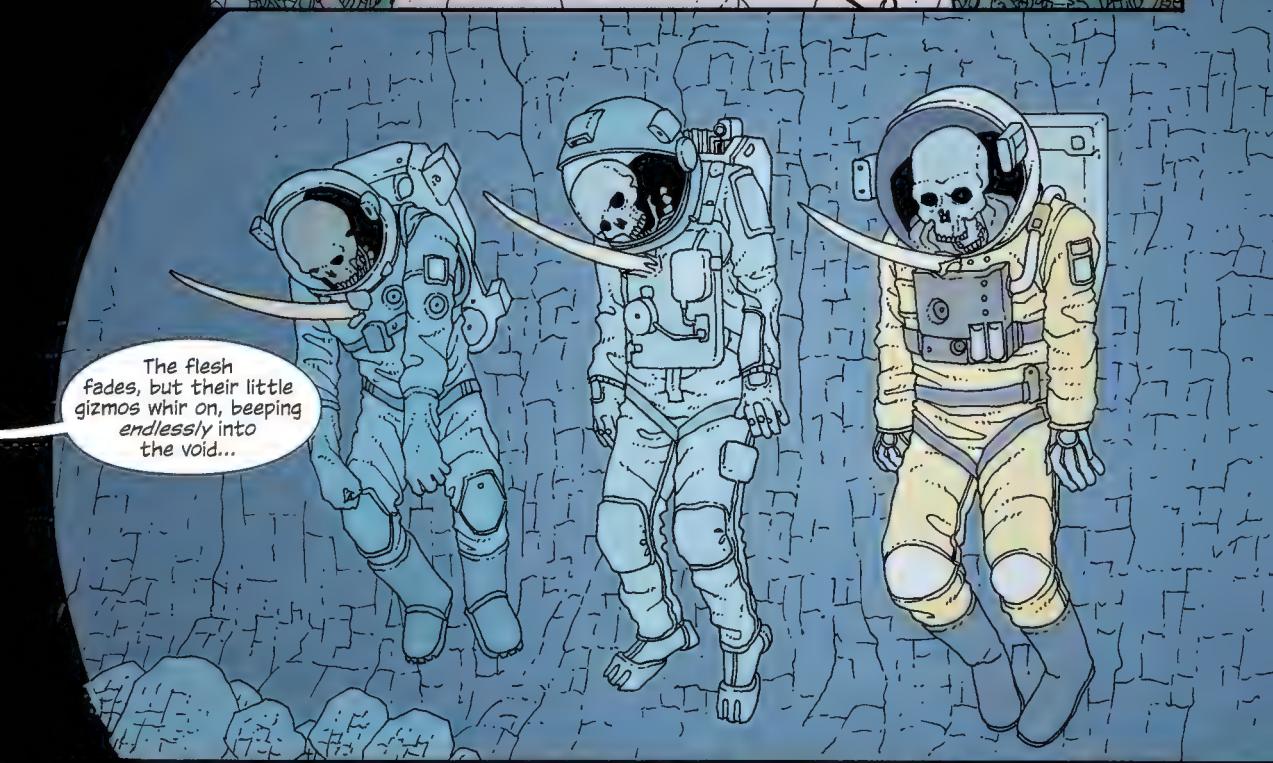


Honestly? I guessed.

It was bound to be Smith...or Bowman, or Cooper, or Ripley.

Some meaningless string of consonants meant to give identity to space-meat.







Y-you're  
wrong!

You're just  
a...monster floating  
on a space rock.

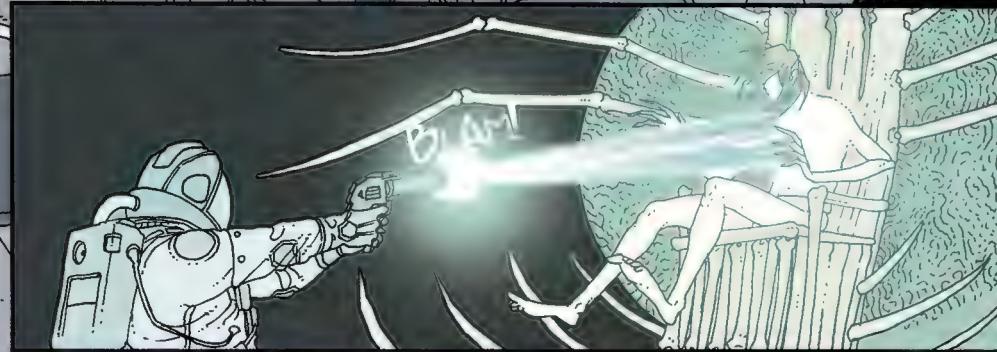
Do you  
know how  
many people have  
pointed a gun  
at me?

Need I  
explain again  
the folly in trying  
to kill an  
idea?

Begin: Counter a question.  
Class: The opposite of what he's saying!

I'm a  
bad thought,  
Noah.

I'm the  
voice in your  
head.





I fear that the aim to...  
that the Megahand...  
attempt to revise something  
doesn't deserve to be revised.

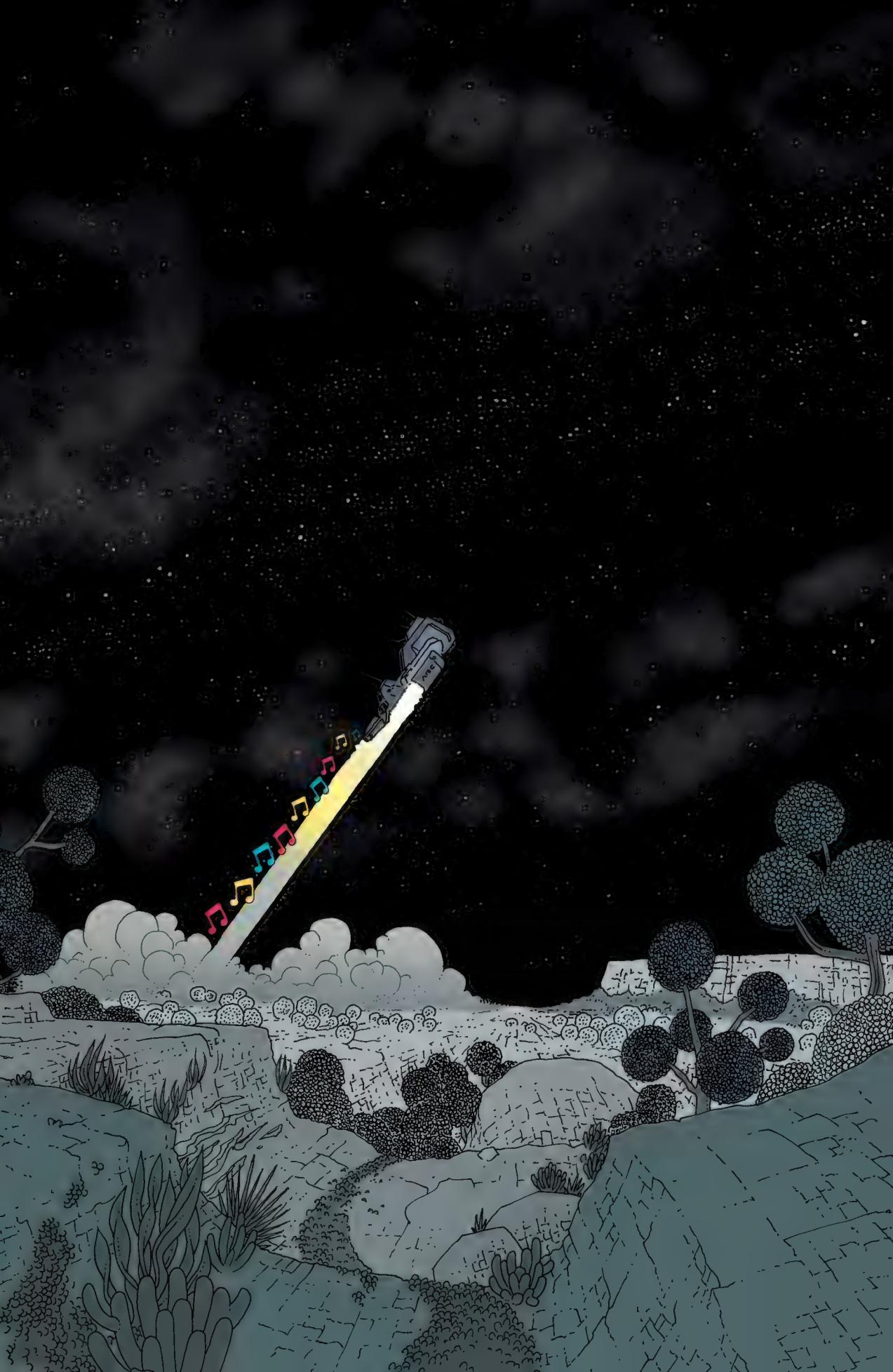
Thoughts of...  
Bobola...

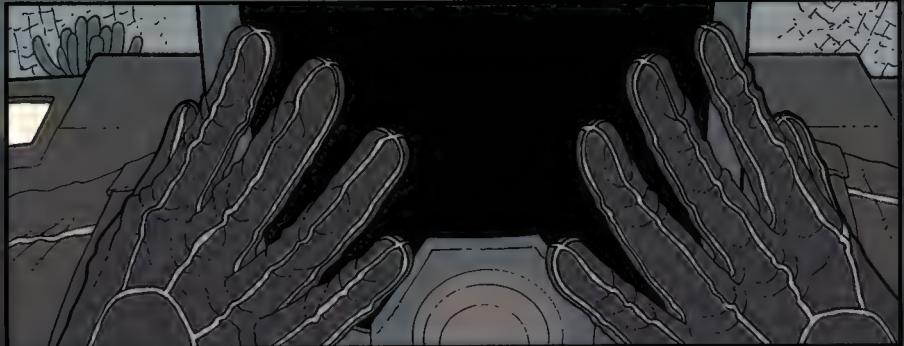
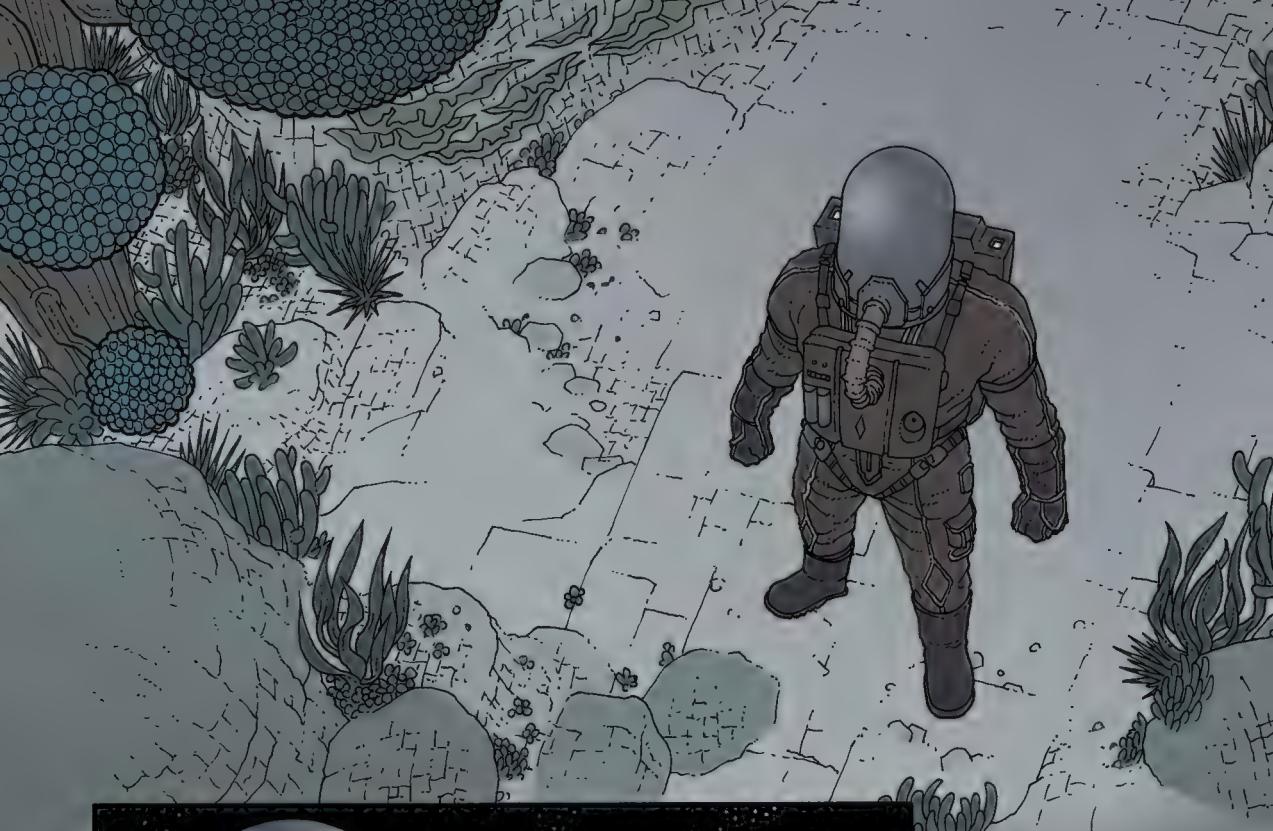
I miss my...  
my friends... my wife...  
my stuff...

I miss that...  
of purpose... having...  
self... having a...  
certain...

Bob,  
engines on!  
Quick!

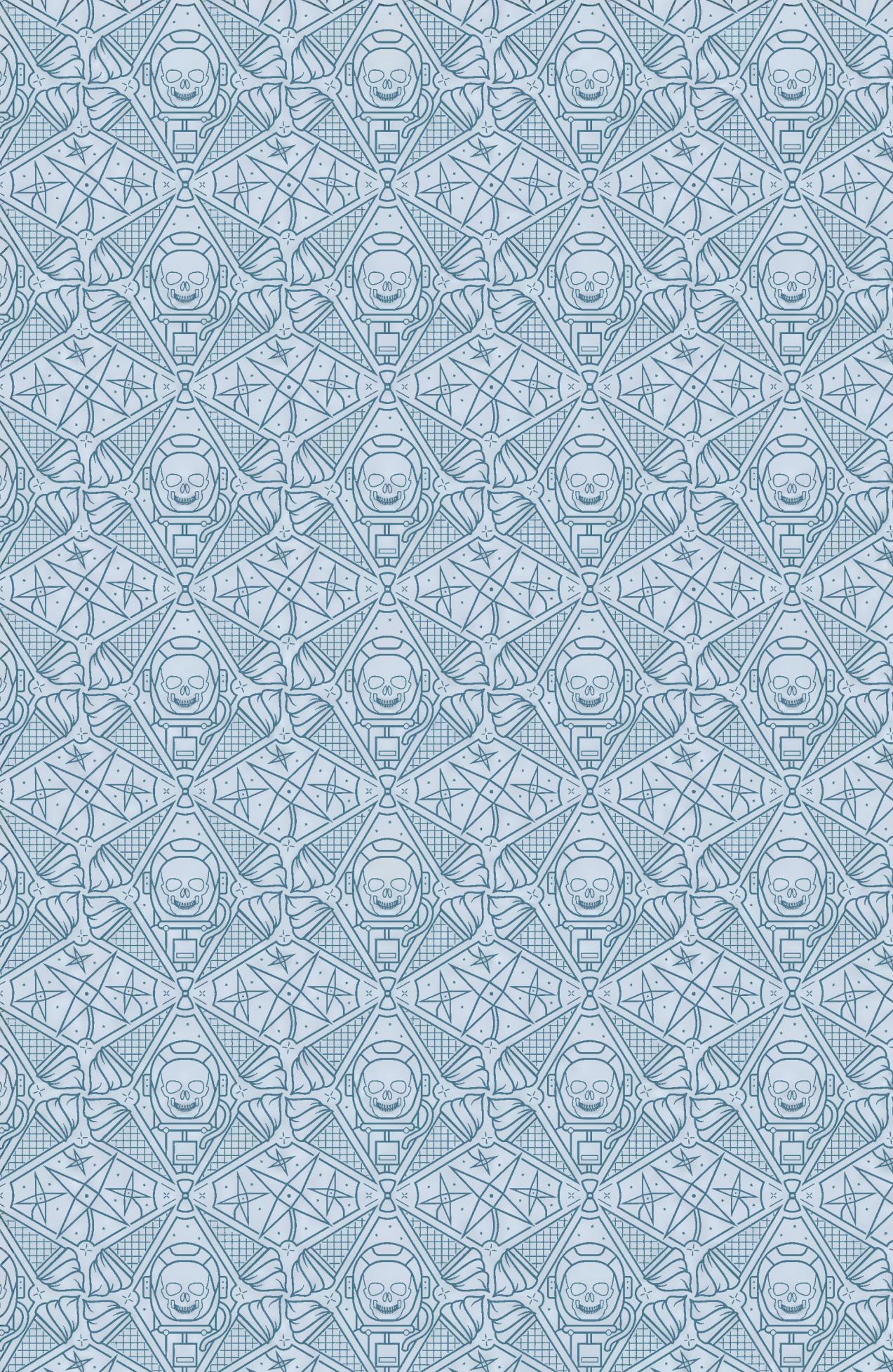




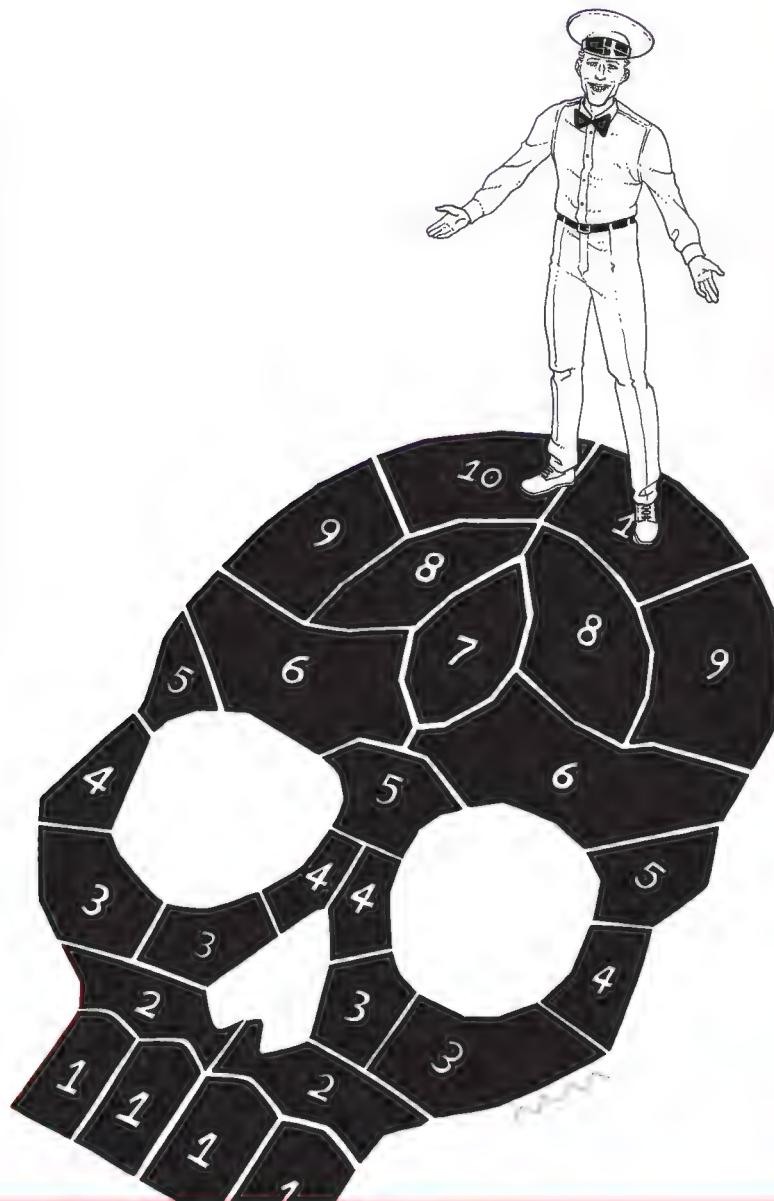




On to  
the next one,  
Rick.



# THE CHERRY ON TOP



What follows are variant covers, sketches, and a translation guide from the third volume of  
**ICE CREAM MAN**

Everything is one thing...



ISSUE 9 · COVER B  
KYLE SMART



ISSUE 10 - COVER B  
JUAN FERREYRA



ISSUE 11 • COVER B  
BABS TARR

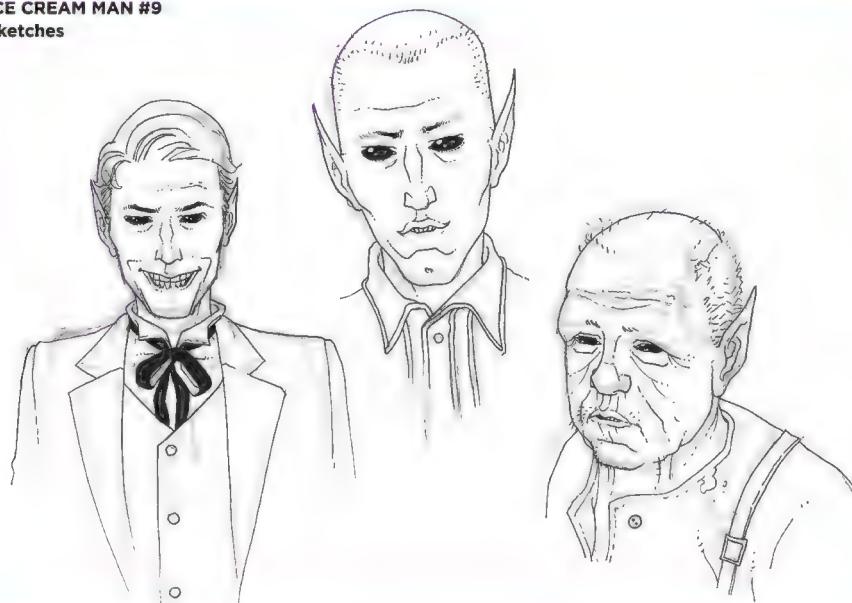


ISSUE 12 · COVER B  
TULA LOTAY

# EERIE VISAGES

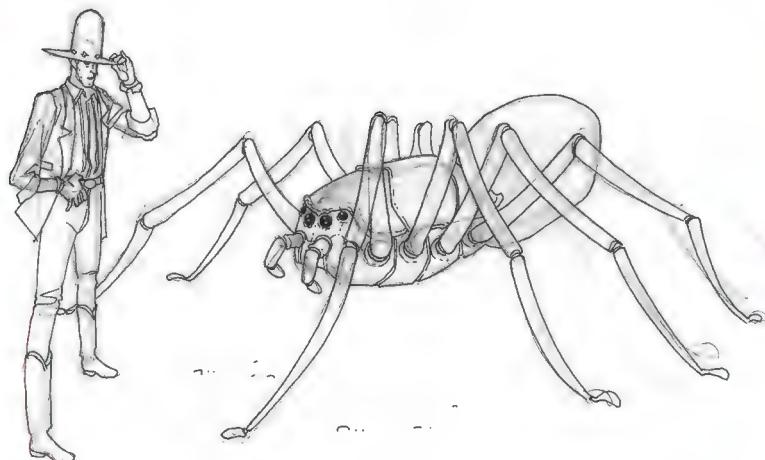
## ICE CREAM MAN #9

Sketches



## ICE CREAM MAN #9

Sketches



In what has now become standard operating procedure, Martin provided character sketches with every issue's sequential layouts. Each one teems with a buzzing kind of life—an electricity operating beneath the ink that begs to be pulled out and teased in some direction or another.

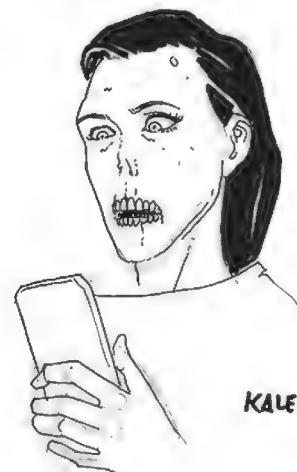
# CREEPY COUNTENANCES



ICE CREAM MAN #11. LAYOUTS. 24/01/19



KORINNE



KALEIGH

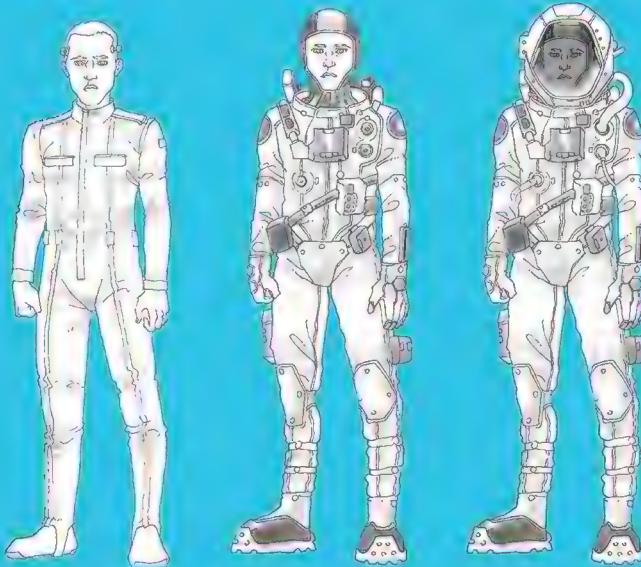


KERRY

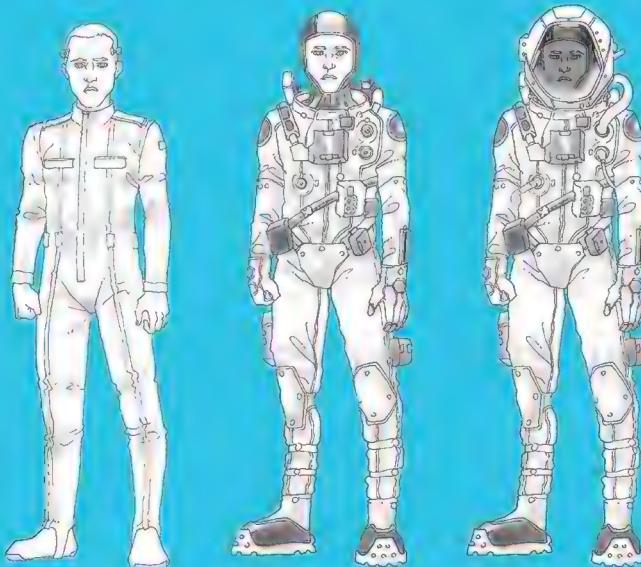
Of special note are his designs for the zombie send-ups of the three main Kardashian sisters—they're so alive, and yet also so dead.

# GOING LUNAR

ICE CREAM MAN #12  
NOAH SMITH



ICE CREAM MAN #12  
NOAH SMITH



Wowza.

# EL VENDEDOR DE HELADOS

Herewith the English script for the first pages of Chapter 10, "Border Story," before it was translated to Spanish by our pal Sam Stone. (*Gracias, Sam!*)

## ICE CREAM MAN

### Issue 10 · English Pre-Translation

#### PAGE ONE

NARRATION: There are people who would tell you that it is bad luck to celebrate a girl's quinceañera on The Day of the Dead.

Tia: Hold still, María!

#### PAGE TWO

##### Panel 1

NARRATION: "It is a poisonous mixture," they'd say. Like vinegar and bleach.

Tia: Or do you want the pins pressed into your flesh?

##### Panel 2

NARRATION: But there are others—many others—who would disagree.

NARRATION: Those people would say: "To join the dead with the living is a blessing, a marriage, a balancing of the world."

Tia : There.

##### Panel 3

NARRATION: Poison? Marriage? These are just words.

Tia: Now you are ready for your groom.

##### Panel 4

NARRATION: The truth has no patience for words.

Tia: Now you are ready for the General.

##### Panel 5

General (offscreen): You are a stunning vision, my bride to be.

## **PAGE THREE**

### **Panel 1**

General: Come, let the General see you in your quinceañera dress.

### **Panel 2**

Tia 1: General, you grace us with your presence.

Tia 2: God protect the hero of the Revolution!

### **Panel 3**

General: Why so shy, little flower?

General: Can you not look into the eyes of your betrothed?

## **PAGE FOUR**

### **Panel 1**

General: Ah, there, that's better.

General: I can see the music in your skull. Little shapes of blue, red, and yellow.

General: You will make a lovely trophy.

### **Panel 2**

General: Your fifteenth birthday and the Day of the Dead...

General: We celebrate your life while we mourn those that have passed.

### **Panel 3**

General: Life is full of these funny juxtapositions.

### **Panel 4**

General: Enjoy these last few days, little one.

General: Celebrations will be scarce one we're wed.

### **Panel 5**

General (offscreen): Adios.

NARRATION: Yes, the truth has no patience for words.

## **PAGE FIVE**

### **Panel 1**

NARRATION: But what about love?

NARRATION: Saint Paul said to the Corinthians:

### **Panel 2**

NARRATION: "Love is patient. Love is kind."

### **Panel 3**

NARRATION: But the apostle omitted certain facts...

NARRATION: Love is also a border. Love is a crossing.

### **Panel 4**

NARRATION: Love is the bridging of a great void!

### **Panel 5**

NARRATION: ...but few survive the journey

John: One rose, please.

## **PAGE SIX**

### **Panel 1**

Woman: Rose, the name of my mother.

### **Panel 2**

Woman: She loved sweet things, and so we put ice cream on the ofrenda.

### **Panel 3**

John: God bless her soul, ma'am.

### **Panel 4**

Woman: God save yours, cowboy.

### **Panel 5**

NO TEXT

## PAGE SEVEN

### Panel 1

NO TEXT

### Panel 2

John: María!

Maria: Juan! My love!

### Panel 3

John: Happy birthday, my little skeleton.

Maria: You have a wicked tongue.

*(the rest of the page/issue proceeds in English, more or less.)*

## PAGE EIGHT

### Panel 5

John: ..., forever in love.

## PAGE NINE

### Panel 5

Tia: Foolish girl...

## PAGE ELEVEN

### Panel 5

NARRATION: Love does not respect law, nor obeys king. *(this is a Spanish saying)*

## PAGE TWENTY

### Panel 3

General: Without meaning.

### Panel 4

General: You are all food for the bugs.

### Panel 5

Maria: Oh, my heart.

## PAGE TWENTY-TWO

### Panel 5

**I am a man: little do I last  
and the night is enormous.  
But I look up:  
the stars write.  
Unknowing I understand:  
I too am written,  
and at this very moment  
someone spells me out.**

*(This is the Poetry Society's translation of my favorite Octavio Paz poem)*

Thanks for reading. And remember:

In “**lightning**,” there’s **light**.

—WMP, March 2019



**Ice Cream Man** continues with four more strange and sad stories—a wild Western, a bilingual love story, a tale of televised terror, and a parabolic space adventure—that reveal ever more about the mischievous Ice Cream Man and the dark cowboy, Caleb.

This third volume collects issues 9-12 of the critically acclaimed series from Eisner-nominated writer **W. Maxwell Prince** (*ONE WEEK IN THE LIBRARY*, *The Electric Sublime*), artist **Martín Morazzo** (*She Could Fly*, *The Electric Sublime*), and colorist **Chris O'Halloran** (*Lockjaw*, *The Punisher*) in a neat and sickly sweet package.

"Prince's work ups the ante from his earlier efforts with a precisely crafted page-turner, sporting crisp line work by Morazzo and the dreamlike colors of O'Halloran. This is a perfectly bitter confection for those with a taste for short-form shockers."

—*Publishers Weekly*

"Easily one of the most unsettling comics on stands today...you'll never look at your double-scoop the same way again."

—*Vulture*

"...the interplay between Prince's sparsely written but terrifying stories and Morazzo's evocative art will have you questioning everything."

—*Amazon Book Review*

"This series is an achievement in design and imagination, and it is incredibly good."

—*The Oregonian*

"I've literally never read anything like this 'genre-defying' sorta-anthology thing, but it's f\*cking awesome. The writing is strange and deeply unsettling, and the artwork is gorgeous. The new comic I most look forward to reading each month."

—**Brian K. Vaughan**  
(*SAGA*, *PAPERGIRLS*)



Horror

Rated M / Mature

Image

Collects ICE CREAM MAN 9-12

